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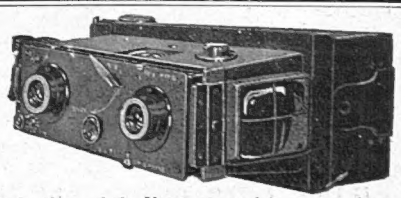

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Art Literature & the Drama.

No. 424.—Vol. XXXIII. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, January 17, 1912 [Price 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photograph *Lallie Charles*

THE GAEKWAR'S DAUGHTER TO MARRY

The Princess Indira of Baroda, daughter of the Gaekwar, who is shortly to marry the Maharajah Scindia of Gwalior with great Eastern pomp and ceremony. A photograph of the Maharajah appears on page 116

ENTERTAINMENTS.

EMPIRE. THE FOLLIES, Evenings, and Mats., Weds., Thurs., and Sats. 2.30. "NEW YORK" Ballet, LYDIA KYASHT, etc., THE DURBAR and HUNTING in the SHIRES on the Bioscope, and Varieties. EVENINGS, at 8. Manager, ARTHUR ALDIN.

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Provided that the above undertaking is subject to the following special conditions, which are the essence of the contract, viz.: (*a*) That such death or loss result within one month after the accident, (*b*) that such holder's usual signature shall have been written in ink or pencil, in the space provided underneath, before the accident, (*c*) that notice in case of injury be given to the Corporation at its Principal Office in London within seven days after the accident, and in case of death within fourteen days after the accident, (*d*) that medical certificates and other information be furnished by the person claiming upon request for the same by the Corporation, and (*e*) that this Insurance applies only to persons over twelve and under seventy years of age, is limited to one Coupon-Insurance-Ticket for each holder, and holds good for the current week of issue only.

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FURTHER SPECIAL NOTICE.

"The Bystander" has not absorbed any other paper, nor does it contemplate such absorptions. It gets on without the need of strengthening either by the living or the dead.

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Office: TALLIS HOUSE, TALLIS STREET, LONDON, E.C.

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

"ŒDIPUS REX" AT COVENT GARDEN: A PHOTOGRAPH OF A REHEARSAL

With Mr. Martin Harvey and Miss Lillah McCarthy in the leading rôles, Professor Gilbert Murray's translation of the great Sophoclean drama was presen ed with great success last Monday. Professor Max Reinhardt was responsible for the wonderful staging and lighting effects

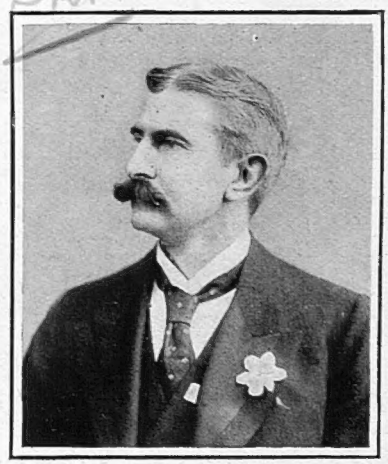
"No Remains Interred Here"

ORDINARILY, I should have made no comment on the internal concerns of another paper, but when I am asked to do so, I cannot honestly refrain. Thus, the proprietor of the *Sphere* invites me to take note of that "journalistic event"—the absorption by his paper of *Black and White*. I am delighted to give the desired publicity. The inference, I presume, is that, by this publicity, late readers of *Black and White* will become henceforth readers of the *Sphere*. Well, they may. Or they may not. One pays them the compliment of assuming that they know their own requirements better than we do. If a substitute for *Black and White* is desired, they have perfect freedom of choice. For our part, we do not enter THE BYSTANDER in this competition for the relicts of the dead. We doubt, somehow, whether those who were content with the worthy deceased will quite go our pace. If so, we rather suspect that they would have eloped with us some years before. They are quite welcome to come now—at their own risk, of course, for we cannot promise to be any kind of catacomb for the remains of the late periodical.

***

Adieu, M. Caillaux

EVERY Englishman wishes France, with the happy New Year, a happy new Government. She is well quit of M. Caillaux. This gentleman seems to me to be the *beau ideal* of the Business Government for which we are all supposed to be yearning. A financier, with a Panama past, he held the Ministry of Finance under M. Monis. While there he did, no doubt, realise that it would be good *business* for France to come to terms with Germany. Promoted to Premier, he was in a position to carry his ideas into practice. Being a *business* statesman, he had no patience with obsolete diplomatic forms, and while allowing his Foreign Minister to carry on through the usual Ambassadors the difficult negotiations with Germany and England, he started a sort of quick-deal system between French and German business men, who got to terms much more quickly than De Selves, Grey, Kiderlen and Co.



Photograph *Maull and Fox*

THE EARL OF TANKERVILLE

To demonstrate the superiority of American to British schools he is taking his son, Lord Ossulston, away from Eton and having him educated in Boston.

***

The Business Diplomacy

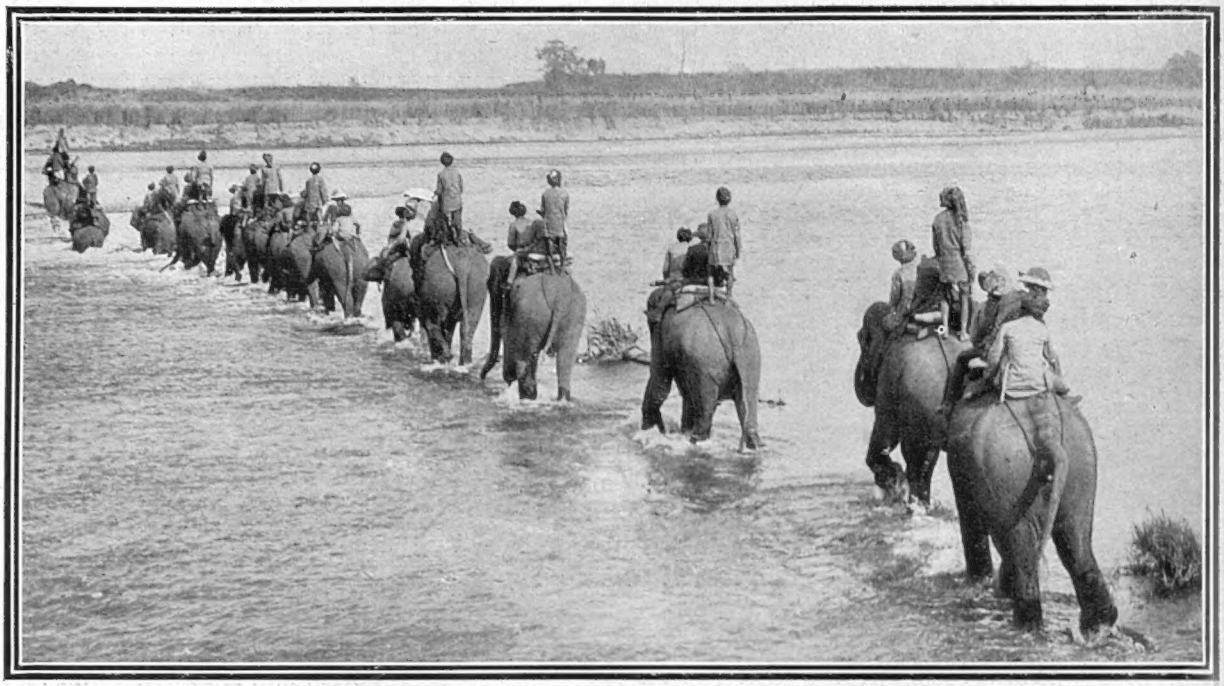
HOW the whole transaction must gladden the heart of Mr. Bottomley! A Business Diplomacy! The only fault of M. Caillaux is that he initiated the new thing without getting rid of the old. He should have ordered De Selves to Cochin China and the Frères Cambon (of London and Berlin Embassies) to New Caledonia or the Ile du Diable. Their remaining at their posts, while the secret dealings were going on behind their backs, tended to weaken France and even to discredit her in the eyes of Europe. When one realises that this chaotic state of affairs must have been well known to the British Cabinet, one is able to understand why it was that that body was unable to do the definite thing after the *coup d'Agadir*. How was anybody to know, even had Delcassé sent a warship to Morocco, that, by private treaty with M. Caillaux, it would not have been sold to the Germans on the spot? Oh, that Business Government!

***

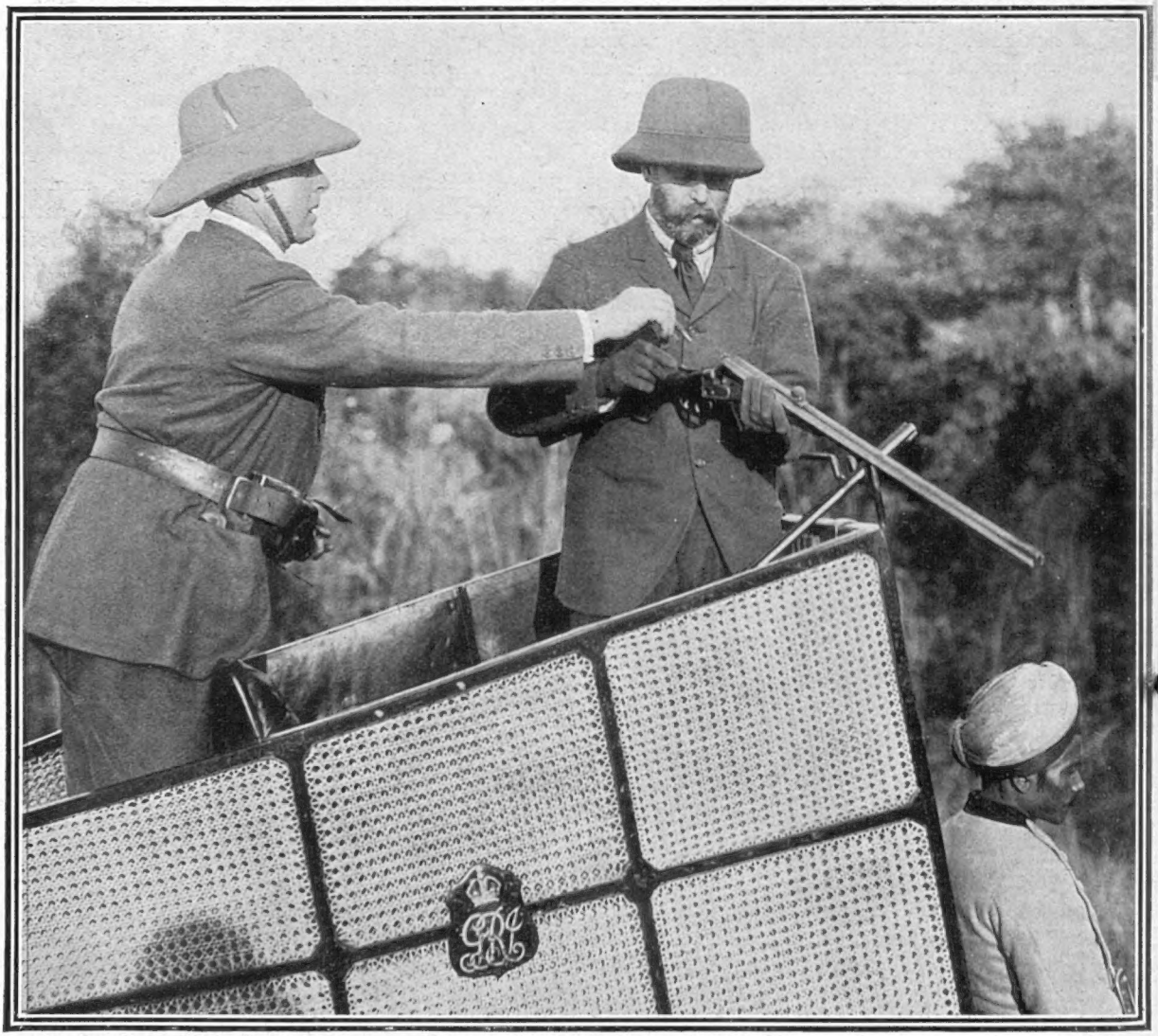
Wanted, A Pretender

ONCE before I have asked, "Where are the Pretenders?" Here is the third French Cabinet fallen in twelve months, and here is France for days without a Cabinet at all, impotent before all the world. Yet neither M. d'Orleans nor the Messieurs Buonaparte have a word to say or a thing to do to demonstrate France's need of a return to stable monarchical government!

The King-Emperor's Big Gam



LEAVING CAMP FOR THE SHOOT: ELEPHANTS FORDING RIVER

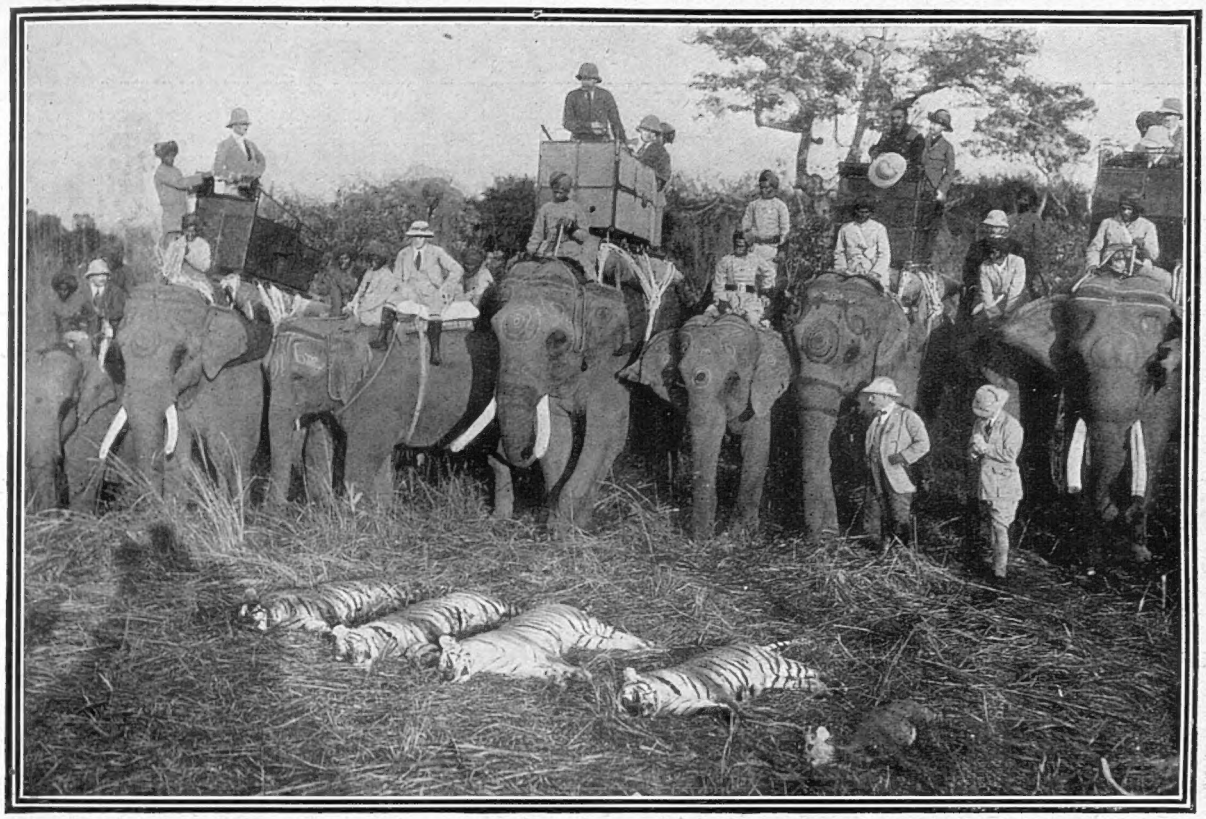


Photographs *Ernest Brooks*

THE KING LOADING: NOTE THE ANGLE OF THE HOWDAH

King George, who, as all the world knows, is a crack shot, was in his element among the big game of Nepal. A herd of six hundred elephants was employed to drive the game to the Royal gun

Shooting Holiday in Nepal



HIS MAJESTY AND A MORNING'S BAG

Photographs *Ernest Brooks*

THE KING'S LUNCHEON PARTY IN THE JUNGLE

On the left: The King, Sir Derek Keppel, Captain Godfrey Faussett, Captain Bell Kingsley. *On the right from the camera:* Lord Annaly, Lord Charles Fitzmaurice, Lord Durham, Sir Richard Havelock Charles, and Mr. G. P. Jacomb Hood, the official artist to the Durbar ceremonies

A Premier Passes Through France

WHERE PRIME MINISTERS ARE JUST NOW IN GREAT DEMAND

Mr. Asquith set out for the Continent, and, indeed, passed through Paris on his way to the South of France, just at the time when France was in dire need of a Prime Minister. Had the Republic annexed him, it is doubtful whether England would have gone to war—certainly not if the Suffragettes knew it. With the Premier is the Indian Under Secretary, the Hon. E. S. Montagu, M.P.

Aux Lorgnettes

A BYSTANDER'S PEEPS AT PASSING PERSONALITIES

Chief of the War Staff—

ONE of the points about the personality of Rear-Admiral Ernest Charles Thomas Troubridge, C.B., C.M.G., M.V.O., the new Chief of the War Staff, is that, having been present at several engagements during the Russo-Japanese War (while Naval Attaché at Tokio), he is one of the few men in the Navy who have seen modern battleships in action. He is the brother of Sir Thomas Troubridge, Bart., and a sharer of his charming manners; while he, of course, descends from the two famous admirals who gained such distinction in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries and became Lords of the Admiralty.

REAR-ADMIRAL E. C. TROUBRIDGE

Photograph Elliott and Fry

New Chief of the War Staff at the Admiralty

—And a Gallant Sea-Dog to Boot

A son of that Colonel Sir Thomas St. Vincent Troubridge who fought in the Crimea and lost his right leg and left foot at the Battle of Inkerman, Admiral Troubridge has for the last two years been acting as Private Secretary to the First Lord at the Admiralty. Admiral Troubridge, whose mother was one of the Norfolk (Quaker) Gurneys, married first a Nova Scotian lady, and second, a year or two ago, Miss Una Taylor.

The Catch of the Season

When a future Duke is announced engaged *not* to an American, it really is something to feel quite pleased about, and several sighs of relief were heaved last week at the thought that the hospitalities of the finest house in London, the biggest castle in Scotland, and a mansion in the Midlands would in future be dispensed by an Earl's daughter, the descendant of no fewer than seven, rather than the progeny of even the most successful of "dry goods" merchants. Lord Stafford, whose engagement to the Lady Eileen Butler was announced at Lord Anglesey's house-party last week, is a very fair, very young, very popular young man, on whom the gods have heaped prodigal favours. He inherits, in addition to the above-named residences, titles galore and incomes to correspond, large estates in Canada, which the Duke is now developing, and a position in London Society for which he has largely to thank his mother, the Duchess of Sutherland, the cleverest and most charming hostess of her day

Marchioness and Duchess

Lady Eileen Gwladys Butler, the pretty Marchioness-to-be who has caught the catch of the season, is the twenty-year-old elder daughter of Lord and Lady Lanesborough. She is tall and graceful, dresses much better than the usual run of débutantes, has good manners (another not too usual trait in the girl of the moment), and is an enthusiastic member of the Sunday afternoon skating brigade. At the Coronation she was one of the six daughters of Earls who carried the Queen's train, and with her parents, who both come of a soldierly line, she has travelled a good deal more than most young girls of her age. Her father was military secretary to Earl Grey in Canada and to the Duke of Connaught in Malta. He was still Lord Newton-Butler when he married the prettiest brunette débutante of her day, Miss Gwladys Tombs, daughter and stepdaughter of two officers of exceptional gallantry.

LORD STAFFORD AND LADY EILEEN BUTLER

Photographs Sport and General

Who are engaged to be married

After Caillaux—Honesty!

FALL OF THE CAILLAUX MINISTRY

MM. Caillaux (centre) and Messimy on their way to the Elysée. M. Caillaux is the retiring Premier

M. RAYMOND POINCARÉ, who has formed the new French Ministry, is a man of fifty-two years of age. He is one of the most successful advocates at the Paris Bar, and holds in some respects the same position that Waldeck-Rousseau held, that is to say, it is a great monetary sacrifice for him to accept office at all. He is a man of supple intellect, charm of manner, is cool-headed, and a very trenchant speaker, and is often mistaken for the professor of science who is his brother.

M. Poincaré is in good running for the Presidency, which is probably the reason why he has so often refused office. This time he has had to give in to very great pressure. He will have to use great tact, so as in no way to jeopardise his popularity, for generally after a period of Ministry great unpopularity follows, and it takes a short while to recover.

The present Ministry, including as it does Delcassé, Briand, and Bourgeois, will be a very strong one. M. Leon Bourgeois is the man of all Frenchmen the French trust. Several times he could have been President, but he has ill-health, and, as he himself puts it, "I am only ambitious for my ideas." M. Bourgeois is a quiet, thoughtful man, who has never enriched himself by taking a ministerial office, and one of his great ambitions is to preserve European peace and strengthen amicable relations between France's neighbours. He represented France at the Peace Conference at The Hague. Now will be the time for bringing about a *rapprochement* between France and Germany, and if that is done it will mean a much greater change for good than all the alliances and *ententes* possible.

Photograph *Henri Manuel*

M. RAYMOND POINCARÉ

The latest French Premier, who has succeeded in forming a very strong Cabinet. He is one of the soundest and most respected men in the political life of France

* * *

The German Elections

Turning to Germany, there is little reason to rejoice at the "Red" triumph. It singes the wings of the Jingo insect, but only with the effect of making him the more likely to sting. Once again, and that right soon, must we expect to hear the cry of "The Empire in Danger," and such a cry will, this time, be directed against ourselves. For our part, we think it better to regard war in the near future as a certainty. We do not want it; we rather dread it. But the way above all *not* to prevent it is to blind our eyes to its possibility.

* * *

Mr. Lloyd George: An Apology

In our issue of July 5 we published a photograph of the then French Premier, M. Caillaux, describing him as the "Lloyd George of France." Our apologies to Mr. Lloyd George.

A SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT.

With this issue we present as a Special Supplement a fine camera-portrait, by Arbuthnot and Hoppé, of

MR. MARTIN HARVEY

as

ŒDIPUS REX

A GROUP OF FRENCH MINISTERS OFF TO THE ELYSÉE

M. Delcassé (on extreme left) (Minister of Marine), M. Klotz (Finance), M. Augagneur, M. Cuyba, and M. Lebruy

"I Want to be taken Seriously"

MR. G. K. CHESTERTON

Mr. Chesterton has entered the field of politics with a striking protest against the ruin of representative Government. He makes the very sound point that the Insurance Bill was passed with the approval of all parties in the House, but most emphatically was not approved by most people in the State. "The principle of representation, in which I was brought up," says Mr. Chesterton, "has gone. And I do not like living in an unprincipled society." So far, the "Westminster Gazette," in which Mr. Chesterton made his protest, has not given a satisfactory answer to the contention that the Bill was passed over the heads of the people, and without even the proper consideration of the so-called people's representatives

BY HAROLD SMITH

A Line About the Real Durbar

Camp, Delhi, December 17, 1911.

DEAR BYSTANDER,—

YOU said, "Write me a line about the Durbar, the *real* Durbar," and so here goes! But, to tell you the truth, I'd very much rather not; it's such a frightful effort. For, first, I've got an appalling cold in my head—everyone in Delhi has! Did the "specials" tell you that?—and, second, we're "moving camp" to-morrow after such a fortnight's round of functions, festivities, and frock-changing as I've never had before, but which was worth over and over again all the somewhat crumpled feeling I've got now.

Also, I don't know where to begin. It's all so Western here, and so deliciously Eastern, and the days are so hot—such blue and gold and dusty days; while the nights, when it's thrilling to hear the jackals and hyenas howl, are so cold—and inexpressibly short. We've had passes and tickets and invitations to everything, so, of course, we've been—when we've had time, that is—to everything: to the State Entry, the Durbar itself, the Investiture, the Garden-Party at the Fort, the Review, not to mention all the tournaments and polo and dances and things.

Photograph *Keturah Collings*

THE MAHARAJAH SCINDIA OF GWALIOR

Whose marriage to the Princess Indira of Baroda (daughter of the Gackwar) will take place in a few days with great ceremony. A portrait of the Princess will be found as frontispiece to this number

The Speeches and the Sights

We arrived here just before the State Entry, at which everyone, of course, turned up, the women in their very best frocks and the men simply bristling with gold braid and spikes and spurs. No one heard a word of any of the Addresses (except, I *hope*, their Majesties themselves), but that was rather a relief than otherwise, and what we all liked most was first the troops, black and white, and too spick and span for words, and then the equipages of the native chiefs, some of which were of gold and silver, drawn by the *heavenliest* horses, and all magnificent—a blazing medley of glitter and colour with the Maharajahs themselves for overwhelmingly gorgeous centrepiece. The procession was so long that by the time the tail of it came along most people had gone home—which was a pity, as it contained a delightful coal-black, wild, and woolly contingent, which wore big hats on top of large turbans, and nothing much else to speak of.

Day by Day in Delhi

Delhi itself is—or was, for even as I write all the big panjandrums are departing and the vultures walk where the soldiers were—wonderful. Soon it will be a proper city, I suppose, full of modernity and banks and things, like Calcutta. But during the Durbar it was—what shall I call it?—a mixture of the Arabian Nights, Earl's Court, Ascot, and the Lord Mayor's Show. Finding one's way about was like spending an afternoon in a maze. But it didn't matter, for the streets were wildly interesting—a maze of troops—cavalry, native and British; Highlanders in that full rig which does look so funny somehow out here; officers of all sorts; and European cars full of lovely ladies, purdah carriages carrying muffled females, and the Maharajahs' equipages, clattering, outridered, brilliantly coloured. In some of the camps, those of the L.-G.'s and other Great Ones, the tents were awfully smart, carpeted, electric lighted, and heated, while those of the chiefs were resplendent with gold and silver furniture (very often mixed up with other of a quite painfully reminiscent "fumed-oak" variety), lovely Kashmiri rugs and shawls, with gold and silver ornaments everywhere.

A Precise Spectacle

But I really must get on—to the Durbar, which, of course, altogether defies description. It was all wonderfully stage-managed. Indeed, never have I encountered such precision—it made one do one's hair more carefully next morning so as to avoid all risk of spoiling the picture by such a thing as a misplaced hairpin! Figure to yourself—an arena so immense that the people on the edge of it looked as if a gentle jar would tip them right off the edge of the horizon; soldiers, thousands of them, in the tightest, straightest, most curved lines I've ever seen, and all without so much as an eyelash out of place! And on high, never-ending rows of seats the natives, those who wore white turbans in one place, the green in another, the yellow in another, and further on the parti-coloured ones. Purdah ladies peeped through white-latticed woodwork, coming and going secretly with bowed heads, and where we were, but for the golden morning sunshine, the blazing blue sky, the gold braid and all the spikes, it might have been the enclosure at Ascot. Everyone walked about, talked hard, and surreptitiously powdered her nose, for which necessary operation there was heaps of time, for, just like the Coronation, you had to be in your place hours and hours before the time when the Royalties and Vices and things even began to think of turning up.

Cherubic Maharajahs

When they did—*such* excitement. Cheers, and then an all-eyed silence. The Queen really looked very

queenly; the generously curved Royal figure *can* carry off brocade and ermine and diamonds and red velvet—even in the morning; and no one looked more splendid than Lady Hardinge, exquisitely dressed, and sitting up very straight and still like a statue all the time. Next to the Royalties I think the small Maharajahs came in for most of our staring. They were *sweet:* black, round-bright-eyed cherubs, some already of insolent demeanour, some still babyish, and all frocked in cloth of gold and silver, magnificently jewelled, white-trousered, and with their sleek heads tied up in huge bejewelled and aigretted turbans.

Homages—Assorted

After the King's Address the homage, and once again the crowd all eyes. The officers only saluted, of course, but the chiefs all did it differently, every one. Some unwound their waist-bands and laid them on the steps, others laid down their swords, and others performed a sort of private ritual, while a few, apparently bashful, did what they had to do at express speed and then turned and, literally, fled. They were all dressed differently, too, some in short stiff skirts of white cotton, which almost resembled a ballet lady's when compared with those of the only woman who did homage, the important little Begum of Bhopal, who modestly concealed her charms beneath a voluminous Victorian skirt that she held bunched up in front, a thickly embroidered shawl, and a pearl-sewn veil that hung from a gold crown like the fringe round a candle-shade. Just before the end the King announced the transfer of the seat of Government from Calcutta to Delhi. Everyone stopped talking, the proverbial pin would have created a terrific sensation, we were so astonished, and we only got over the shock after lunch—those regimental *chefs can* cook.

I must stop, really—I shall have to put twopence on this letter, anyway. All the other functions were—well, very much like similar functions at home, only more so, and hotter. Shall I write you from Calcutta? Or is this more—much more—than enough?

THE "ORION'S" ESCAPE

This fine photograph shows H.M.S. "Revenge" crashing into the bows of the super-Dreadnought "Orion" on Sunday, the 7th inst. The stem of the "Orion" is penetrating the "Revenge's" after-quarter, making a big hole below the water-line. Note the 13·5 guns in foreground

Photograph by Humphries *Supplied by Cribb*

A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF A COLLISION AT SEA

THE LOOK OF THINGS

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

"THIS is not the time," writes Mr. Shaw to a contemporary of strong antiquarian interests, "for 'tosh' about the Incas of Peru." Maybe. But many of us prefer them to other Inkers we are compelled to peruse.

* * *

Everybody will echo the King's wish "that the homes of his Indian subjects may be brightened by the spread of education." Hitherto, of course, the Failed B.A.'s of India have only been satisfied if they could get away from home and brighten a Government Office.

* * *

"The sea is all one"—according to the new Admiralty memorandum. But it is not all one to the Germans, so long as the command of it belongs to a foreign country like England.

* * *

Mr. Winston Churchill's decision to meet the cost of the new organisation at the Admiralty by selling four naval yachts is a sensible one. It is rumoured that his own experience of these yachts is that they are very apt to make one sea-sick, and if that is the case, why not sell them to people who like being pitched about?

Two hundred tramps were entertained a few days ago to a play, roast beef, and Christmas pudding at the Court Theatre. They seem thoroughly to have appreciated the roast beef and the Christmas pudding.

* * *

"Ulstermen have determined that the Irish Home Rule Bill, if it passes, shall not operate within their boundaries," says the *Spectator*. If this is to be so, we think Ulstermen will have to give their land a name distinguishing it from the country the Bill applies to; and we suggest either "Carsonia" or "The Orange Free State."

* * *

Fifty thousand rupees have been presented to the Queen for distribution to Calcutta's hospitals and missions by a Rajah named "Chuckerbarti." Calcutta residents may be pardoned for saying that not every Rajah knows how to chuck about his money so generously.

* * *

"How to 'educate the Insurable' has," a contemporary states, "been a subject of discussion of late among the new Insurance Commissioners, and views have been diverse." Our own opinion is that too much is being made of the difficulties of understanding the Act. Two or three years' study should be quite enough to give the ordinary man an idea of its workings.

* * *

Still, there is something to be said for treating the Bill as an educational subject like any other. Why should not candidates for Oxford University, for instance, be allowed to offer it as an entrance subject instead of Greek?

* * *

The statement that the Wellington House Hotel has been purchased by the Government as a future office for the administrators of the Insurance Act has roused a good deal of jealousy among the Civil Servants in other Government buildings, few or none of which possess that real necessity of the service—a good lounge-hall.

"THE CARD UP MR. ASQUITH'S SLEEVE"
An effective political cartoon appearing in the current number of the "Empire Illustrated." Reproduced by kind permission of the Editor

Sayings I Don't Agree With

NO 1. THAT—"THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME"

BY ARTHUR WATTS

Do We Want More Matinées?

VARIOUS ACTOR-MANAGERS DISCUSS AN INTERESTING PROBLEM

Shortly before Christmas we received the following letter from a correspondent—"COUNTRY COUSIN":—

DEAR SIR,—I was compelled to come to Town for a few days last week on business which kept me every morning in the City. I was, however, free in the afternoons to enjoy myself, but to my intense surprise and annoyance I found that on four out of six days of the week the only matinée performances taking place were at the music-halls, which do not specially appeal to me, excepting as an after-dinner attraction. Why is it that if a person wishes to be amused in the afternoon there is this arbitrary preference for Wednesday and Saturday? Surely, if on these two days the theatres can find packed audiences, it is worth the while of several managers to hold matinées on other days of the week as well, so that it would be impossible for a stranger to find himself in London during the afternoon of any day of the week without being able to find some sort of agreeable entertainment. Is not this a matter which your enterprise might very well take up? I am quite sure that I am not alone in having experienced this painful lack of amusement in the greatest city of the world on ordinary week-day winter afternoons.—Yours faithfully, COUNTRY COUSIN

THE BYSTANDER has shown a copy of this letter to various actor-managers, with results given below:

Sir George Alexander

accords the idea an enthusiastic welcome. Writing through his secretary he says:

With reference to the dearth of matinées on days other than Wednesdays and Saturdays, I consider that there is plenty of scope for enterprise on the part of theatrical managers to provide matinées on other days, and I only wish my strength would allow me to act twelve times a week instead of eight.

Mr. Weedon Grossmith,

on the other hand, takes an opposite view, which is expressed in the following optimistic little note:

There are far too many theatres and too many matinées. [Not of *Baby Mine*, surely.—ED. BYSTANDER.]

Mr. Alfred Butt

Particular interest attaches to the views of Mr. Alfred Butt, of the Palace Theatre, in view of the fact that he has tried the matinée system at the Victoria Palace, and after a fair trial decided to abandon it:

I think (says Mr. Butt) the question of daily matinées depends to a very large extent upon the nature of the entertainment, as there are many pieces which are less suitable for an afternoon audience than that which they are likely to attract in the evening. In America the matinée has become, to a large extent, a question of habit, and I doubt very much whether this desire for daily matinées, except on special occasions, exists in England, although, no doubt, it could be created.

Mr. Gerald du Maurier

interviewed was not in favour of more matinées. Not that he has any personal prejudice against them. On the contrary, Mr. Du Maurier confessed to preferring matinées to evening performances, giving as his reason the preponderance of women at matinées and their superiority over mere man as an audience.

Mr. Du Maurier, however, doubted very much whether there was an audience for daily matinées. He pointed out that the general public rarely go to the theatre on Mondays and Fridays. They won't go on Monday because they think it is a frivolous way of beginning the week, and they won't go on Friday because they are probably going to some amusement on Saturday.

Questioned as to the success of the matinée system in New York Mr. Du Maurier said that there were few New York theatres open daily—the matinée houses were chiefly variety theatres. In any case, he pointed out, things are different in New York. There people "drop into" a theatre; here theatre-going is a function. Prices, too, are lower in New York. Apart from anything else, Mr. Du Maurier declared daily matinées an impossibility if the artists were to do themselves justice and preserve their health and reason.

He almost drew tears from THE BYSTANDER representative by his pathetic picture of his sufferings when playing twelve times a week for nine weeks in *Peter Pan*, when, according to his own account, he became a sort of automaton, oscillating between theatre and bed, though I am sure none ever saw the faintest trace of weariness in his enchanting performance. Mr. Du Maurier, in short, was dead against more matinées, and drifting to other topics expressed the opinion that if THE BYSTANDER wished to help managers it should agitate for the formation of a body of public-spirited men to read the shoals of "awful" plays through which the conscientious manager has now to wade in blood and tears. An interesting proposal, and the idea of an actor-manager having a conscience is distinctly refreshing.

On behalf of Sir Herbert Tree, Mr. Henry Dana writes as follows:

Sir Herbert Tree has received your letter, but feels that you are mistaken in your idea that there would be anything approaching a large public for matinées every day. It has been tried many times, and although undoubtedly you are right in feeling that there would be a certain audience, it would not be of sufficient dimensions to justify the manager, as a rule, in playing more than two matinées a week. It seems to have escaped your notice that certain theatres choose Thursday instead of Wednesday as their second matinée day. Of course, during Christmas-time it is a different matter, as all the young people are home from school, and there is a sufficiently large public to support matinées every day of the week.

Mr. Robert Loraine

thinks that theatrical managers know their own business best, a singularly daring and original idea.

In my opinion (he says) the lack of matinées can only have its origin in the lack of necessary support for them.

The number of people who find themselves at a loose end in town of an afternoon is limited, and it is impossible for places of amusement to cater for minorities. The fact that a successful production usually gives extra matinées if it finds the ordinary number insufficient shows that there is no prejudice against the principle. But apart from commercial considerations there is another, and that is that more than eight performances a week is a tax on the artists, which it would be impossible for them to sustain continuously. Theatrical managements are proverbially enterprising (which proverb says so?—Ed. Bystander), and the lack of matinées may justly be assumed to be the result of judgment based on experience.

Mr. Oscar Asche's

reply is disappointing. We did not expect to find him among the weaklings who turn faint at the thought of a mere dozen of performances a week. Besides, he does not say "Bismillah," or "Kismet," or even "Rahat Lakorem," but writes as follows, in plain, everyday English:

> Personally, I think that two matinées a week in addition to the evening performance are quite as much as one can be expected to give, and I don't know whether there is a sufficient demand for additional matinées except at Christmas-time, but I certainly think that the actor who is in work finds the present number quite enough for his comfort. At any rate, I do.

This is a sadly selfish point of view. And, indeed, it is noticeable that almost without exception our contributors are not concerned with the pathetic predicament of the lonely person who finds himself in London with nothing to do during the afternoons, but only with their pockets and their personal comfort.

As we ourselves do sympathise with him, we fear that it will be our painful duty to promote a Bill for compulsory free matinées on at least four days of the week. N. W. F.

POLAIRE IN PROFILE: IN HER LATEST PARIS IMPERSONATION

The popular, if not exactly beautiful, French comédienne is at present playing in "Les Sauterelles," the latest play by M. Emil Favre. Her rôle is that of the wife of a native dignitary in one of the French colonies who is lured from fidelity by a French official. When her husband discovers her infidelity he hands her a knife and bids her commit suicide. The motive of the play is an attack by the author on the present Colonial system, following his previous plays attacking High Finance and Home Politics. The word "Sauterelles" is translated "locusts," which is presumably the epithet applied to the officials attacked

London Nights Entertainments

CONCERNING CHILDREN'S PLAYS. BY JINGLE

A TENDENCY has been shown this season to modernise the children's plays, and I think that is a mistake. People who write plays to please children ought not to lose sight of the very scientific theory that the individual is the microcosm of the race. As I hate to use long words without being able to prove that I know what they mean, I may, perhaps, explain that the theory is that as the race emerged from a species of quadruped into a savage biped and so on to the zenith of civilisation as represented by, say, the Rev. F. B. Meyer or the *Daily Mail*, so the individual develops from a crawling infant to a perfect type of man like, say, for instance, myself.

It follows, therefore, that after a child has been able to stand erect for two or three years it is in about the same state of mental and moral development as pre-glacial man. That is to say, it has a natural and perfectly comprehensible thirst for gore. The old writers understood this theory perfectly, and that is why I am sure they usually wrote stories containing a gloriously high death-rate. The charm for childhood of most of the old-fashioned stories is the part where the Ogre dies by violence, the infantile delight being tempered only by a passing regret that the fun should be over so soon. It would have been so much nicer to have hung the Ogre up by his hair and stuck pins into him till he became too unwell to squeal any longer.

The author of *The Forty Thieves* understood this trait of childhood perfectly. In that delectable story the killing is on a scale that is really magnificent, while as a crowning joy one of the characters is not only killed, but is cut up into delightful quarters, each of which receives a separate cheer whenever the story is dished up in pantomime form and presented on the stage.

The secret of the survival of the old harlequinade is obviously the fact that it is one long orgie of the most delicious brutality. You can hear the children yelling with delight when the clown burns the poor decrepit old harlequin with a red-hot poker. (That is, no doubt, a survival of the instinct which led primitive man to kill off his old people as soon as they were no longer able to "do for" themselves.) Another abiding joy for childhood is when the clown sits down suddenly on the rubber baby and makes it go off with a loud pop! If the modern spirit wants to touch the harlequinade let it interfere scientifically. That's what I say. If the red-hot poker goes, it must be replaced by an aeroplane that hits the pantaloon in the back and causes him even greater suffering than before; and the baby may, perhaps, be run over by a motor-car. But there must be anguish and death or the dear children will not laugh at all heartily. They are not microcosms for nothing.

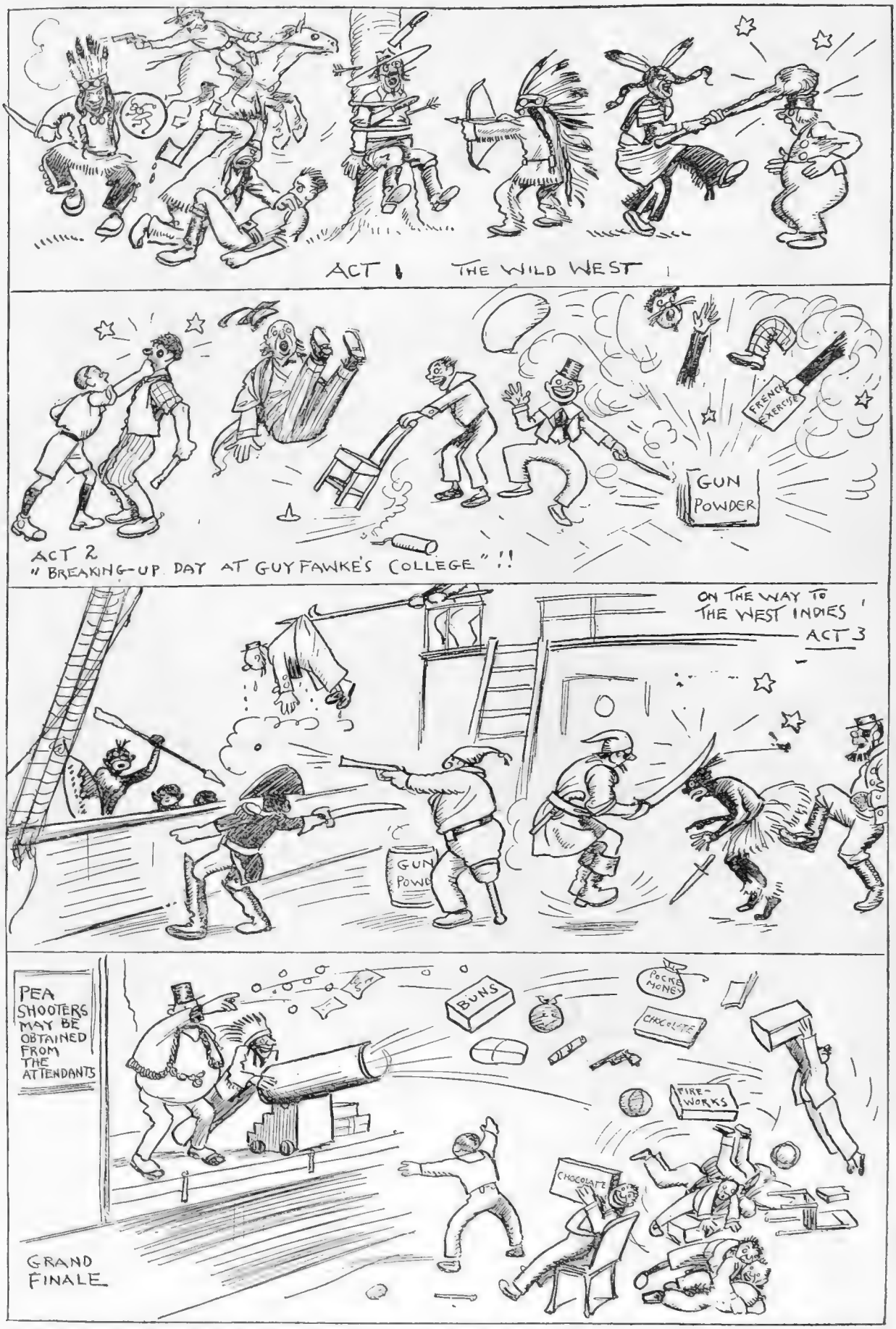
I think, myself, a successful scene for a pantomime play would be one showing the youthful hero at the parlour window catching flies and pulling their wings off. The next scene would show the hero steadily engaged in beheading his little sister's doll. The doll's head would not, of course, be chopped off at one blow, but sawn off slowly, as this makes the fun last longer, and is, therefore, more satisfying. Besides, it makes the little sister cry all the louder, and that offers a prospect of delight that sounds almost too good to be true.

You may have noticed in a children's play the introduction of "cross-talk comedians"—that is, two eccentrically attired men who tell each other funny and sometimes even witty tales. The children usually listen to the quaint repartee with a chastened interest; but if one of the comedians should suddenly slap the other brutally in the face, the dear little mites will awaken from their lethargy at once. They have been given a joke that they understand, and their laughter is to be noted by its shrieks of delirious joy. Again, while the funny man is singing about his mother-in-law or Lloyd George, the children merely fidget about, or fight for the family box of chocolates; but as soon as the humorist pretends to fall and hurt himself badly, internal dissensions are forgotten. The dear children shout for very joy, and stand up in their places so that they may not miss an instant of the poor man's accentuated agony. The fine instinct that made for the survival of the fittest in the battle of life is alive again, and it would not be safe to hand out tomahawks to the little ones then. There would be a perfectly reckless fight for scalps inside of the first two seconds.

In one respect the modern fairy play toes the line with its distinguished ancestry. That is as regards the showering of untold wealth on the hero and the heroine at the finish. I have lived long enough now in the world to be sure that money in satisfying quantities exists only in fairy tales, and it is good to feel that even the modern spirit recognises that that is the only place left for it. JINGLE

The Ideal Children's Play

AS PATERNALLY IMAGINED BY MR. NORMAN MORROW



What do children really like in the way of dramatic entertainments? Juvenile experts whom we have consulted differ as violently as dramatic critics. "Jingle" and Mr. Norman Morrow this week offer some helpful hints to the providers of Christmas entertainments

WINTER SPORT—What About It?

By "JOURNEYMAN"

III.—"ROTTEN" SUNSHINE—SAINTLY SENTIMENTS—MY FIRST SKI-TUMBLES—THE SPORT AND THE ROMANCE OF SKI-ING

Grand Hôtel des Alpes, Mürren.

SCENERY, by the true winter sportsman, is taken for granted. One knows it is there. What ravin' there is to be done about Switzerland one expects to have been done already by the summer tourists. In winter it is not a question of scene, but of ski-in', and the most glorious sunrises, calculated to cause inexpressible ecstasy in persons like myself, are dismissed as "rotten" if they usher in sunshine too hot for ski-in' in comfort, or likely to be detrimental to skating or curling by causing anything like a heavy thaw.

"Nothing to do but sit in the sun and get sunburnt," remarks one despondent lad. To sit in the sun and get sunburnt—in January, forsooth! A thing most years one has not been able to do at home even in August. Were I to put would-be sportsmanship aside and try and speak my soul, the word that comes to my lips on such a morning as this, if it isn't actually Halle'ujah, it is something of that sort. I say nothing about sunrise. Thousands of energetic tourists have risen early to see that. It is the day itself I want to rave about, even if I only say what has been said by every winter sport writer before me. To be surrounded high and low with deep snow and yet to be able to sit and bask in a sun as hot as that of our mid-summer—well, it really doesn't need anything more to describe it than just to say that it is so. If one closes one's eyes to the white, as one sits in the verandah facing the rink, one might imagine oneself on the seashore in August. But perspiring all over as a result of a few minutes' skating, or a ski-run or two, one nevertheless wants to go on being strenuous. So intensely joyous a sensation as this first realisation of the High Alpine winter will take its place in my mind with one or two other carefully treasured memories.

"The Bystander's" Special Photographer (Mr. A. J. Coxon) at "work"

Perhaps I shall have the good luck to know many more such days—the barometer is steady, the *concierge* tells me [they say that to a good *concierge* the barometer is always steady]. Meanwhile, however, I say, with all discretion, "Halle'ujah!" Geographically, we are correct in calling the conditions heavenly, and in using the language of the heavens. "It is a swamp down below," says somebody, coming away from the telephone. Down below? He means at Interlaken. But who in heaven cares about "down below"? I regret to say that at the moment I do not. But I fear I should make a cynical saint.

I propose to give my first impressions on ski because this is one of those accomplishments which lose their suggestive charm with proficiency. Proficiency takes one up great heights, and enables one to make glorious descents and inspiriting jumps. But novitiate is a new world. I am, it seems, to dispense with the lessons I wished to have. The cheerful ski-fitter, having helped me try mine on, told me that I should find the English instructor (Mr. De Lap) if I took the first turning to the left and kept straight on. I took it—and might have been taking it still. For the "first to the left" was a zig-zag path up a steep mountain, and "straight on" was through two or three forests, up and down one or two valleys, and up another steep mountain. As a walk I might have enjoyed this, duly prepared, but to carry a pair of ski up hill on which one step in three lands you up to your knees in snow—no! I regretfully turned back at the first half-hour's climb, and decided to learn the art of tumbling with myself as the only witness. . . .

On ski the world grows wondrous small. So slowly does one manœuvre oneself when first one has them on that the distance from the hotel to the skating-rink (actually about twenty yards) now seems at least a mile. The village of Mürren (as the crow flies about two hundred yards) is, to me, a remote and practically inaccessible spot. The great thing to understand is that a ski, on no matter how slight a slope, is a thing in motion. The novice's task is to let himself go, and to make it his business to decide on exactly which part of the body he intends to fall. Here, happily, Nature has helped us by a most useful suggestion, the nature of which I need not enlarge upon. Provided one is ready to sit down at the psychological moment of the fall, there is little danger involved. The real difficulty lies in picking yourself up again. I say with all emphasis that a man who has made his first ski tumble half-way down a slope of hard snow is in an impossible position. In practice there may be a way of scrambling up; in theory there is none. You are in a state of inanition. You realise that your body is merely one obtuse angle in a complicated polygon,

Where to Toboggan: A Panorama at St. Beatenberg

Photograph *Ward Muir*

A glimpse of the splendid panorama viewed from St. Beatenberg, the tobogganing and skating resort, 2,000ft. above Lake Thun. The Interlaken end of the lake, which never freezes, is seen in the photograph

The 'Varsity Ice Hockey Club at Play at Mürren

and the whole thing together is an insoluble proposition. Then you decide that you will get up—and you get up. You have left one of your sticks halfway up the slope. The scramble up for it will be another chapter of episodes—about one to the yard, making six in all. After a series of these privy exploits, I found myself quite at home on ski, and tried the higher slopes, realising that a good instinct of equilibrium is what one chiefly needs. But, oh! the getting up again in order to get down! It is that that takes the edge off the enjoyment. But I doubt not it is the test of a good sportsman that he is anxious first as to his end, and only second as to the means thereto. He (or she) who grumbles at the need to go up again is the same person who has grumbled all the way out, and is *par excellence* the person to leave at home. The young man whose sweetheart pants and grunts and whines, and makes him pull her up again each time, should think very carefully before he takes her up that greatest of all ski-slopes—matrimony, in which the climb is so steep and the tumbles are so frequent, and the sport is not always so evident.

And, talking of that, Mme. Helvetia must surely be qualifying to be the greatest winter match-maker in the world. Thrown together for a given number of weeks, youths and maidens of such equal social rank as is guaranteed by the Public Schools Alpine Club, are able to see and to know a good deal more of each other and to test each other's nerve, temper, and companionship. I've not heard of the question being popped on ski, but there are worse secluded seats—and ones less easily obtained—than the snow of a ski-slope beneath a scorching sun. Furthermore, should the result of the proposal be heartbreaking disappointment, one can slip down out of one's own misery quickly, cleanly, picturesquely, and with the smallest possible annoyance to others.

Yes, there is romance as well as exhilaration on ski.

JOURNEYMAN

On the Way to a Good Slope: Divers Ways of Walking On and Off Ski

A Variety Artist, Indeed

PROTEAN VERSATILITY OF A NEW RECRUIT TO THE STAGE

Miss Lally Tollendal is a new recruit to the variety stage. She has written and produced a sketch in which she appears in all the characters sketched above, changing her costumes with remarkable rapidity. Miss Tollendal produced the piece first at a matinée at the Haymarket Theatre. She then took it on tour, and will shortly present it in London

Registered design]

Riviera Notes

THE CHANCELLOR'S RETREAT: "LA DRAGONNIÈRE," CAP MARTIN

Where Mr. Lloyd George is making holiday. It belongs to Sir Harold Harmsworth, who bought it last year from Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Williamson

Interviewing Maeterlinck

The Riviera reporters have been kept quite busy of late. There were two people to find. One was Maeterlinck, the other Lloyd George. Maeterlinck was comparatively easy of discovery, for, despite the American journals, he has been lying low in Nice for weeks past, though his villa is anything but open to journalists. One enterprising American reporter, determined to interview the famous author of *The Blue Bird*, after being "turned down" by the valet and the cook, got access to the villa in the disguise of an Italian plumber. The first person he met was the great Maeterlinck smoking a morning pipe. "Monsieur Maeterlinck," began the reporter, but he got no further. Maeterlinck had disappeared into his study, and in his place were a stern valet and a somewhat ferocious French bulldog. The American journalist has foregone the rôle of plumber—for ever.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S STUDY AT "LA DRAGONNIÈRE"

Mr. Lloyd George Reading in his Study

The Chancellor's Haven

Lloyd George was quite difficult to find. Some said he was coming to Cannes—others that he was bound for Cap Martin. As a matter of fact, he was due at both. At the time of writing he is golfing with the captain of the Cannes Golf Club, Mr. A. H. Crosfield, M.P., and by the time this appears in The Bystander he will be sunning himself on the loggia of Sir Harold Harmsworth's delightful "La Dragonnière" at Cap Martin. The Chancellor of the Exchequer might, indeed, have found less comfortable quarters for his Riviera stay. "La Dragonnière," if one of the smallest villas on the exclusive Cap, is by far the most modern of them all, and is the snuggest retreat on the whole Riviera. Sir Harold Harmsworth bought it last year from the "Lightning Conductor" Williamsons, who are building a new villa at Roquebrune, and Sir Harold knew what he was doing. The villa has a glorious view over the Principality, is very handy for Ciro's—an important fact for Mr. Lloyd George—has a delightful garden with a "Garden of Allah" fountain in the middle of it, and is quite close to the Riviera home of the ex-Empress Eugénie. Mr. Lloyd George, being a golfer, appreciates the fact that he has a course on either side of him—one at

(Continued on page 132)

Mr. Lloyd George Going on the Riviera

Sunshine Stealers : Refugees from Colder C

The followers of the sun are at Nice in their thousands. Discontented with the sun's gifts in their own countries, they travel afar to steal something of his allowance to other lands, whereat the Nice tradespeople rejoice. The two new Nice palaces now in the building are to open in November next, and are to be the very last syllable in hotel luxury.

Climes on the Promenade des Anglais, Nice

The year following, however, they may be beaten in the hotel race by the Hotel de France, which, though now one of the nicest of the Nice hotels, is to be entirely rebuilt on ultra-modern lines. The France has a wonderful situation, and its new edition will be a great addition to the attractions of "Nizza la Bella"

BY H. W. NICHOLLS

Monte, the other at Sospel. His holiday lines are certainly cast in pleasant places.

Somebodies, etc.

Apart from Maeterlinck and Lloyd George we are a little hard-up for celebrities. We have Lord Westbury, as usual; Lord Furness ditto; Prince Dolgorouki is at the Paris, Monte Carlo, so is Lord Farquhar; and the Duke and Duchess of Manchester make frequent descents on the Rooms from Cannes. Nice is anything but full of somebodies, if one excepts the jockeys and trainers and the redoubtable "Kid McCoy," who is daily to be seen training on the Promenade des Anglais. The famous proprietor of the cause of so many ills—Pernod (*alias* Absinthe)—has been here for the races. His name is M. Arthur Viel Picard, and his appearance is of so inoffensive a nature that it seems hard to believe that he has ever distilled anything stronger than lemonade! Parliamentarians scarcely seem to hold Nice in favour this year. The last one I saw was Mr. Arnold Ward, who can surely not have found the Grand Cercle bad for his pocket, though Fortune is a fickle jade, and twenty-four hours can make such an amount of difference! Play at the Cercle, so far, is anything but exciting. The big banker of last year is, I am told, no longer to be allowed admittance, and so far M. Hennessy has not put in an appearance.

KID McCOY TRAINING FOR HIS FIGHT WITH WELLS AT THE NICE CASINO

The Bystander in Berlin

THE Berlin Bystander was bid say something rude about Germans, and here it comes: THE PRUSSIAN OFFICIAL IS A FRAUD. For years he has traded high on an unchallenged respectability; on a Cimmerian gravity; on an Olympian remoteness from mortal eyes. Yet now it appears he is a whitewashed sepulchre, a jester, a buffoon, a knave. He has fallen in the eyes of the public; and the Berlin Bystander, when he spies him in the offing, will keep his hat on his head.

GRAVE OFFICIAL SCANDALS

NOT that his sin is mortal. It is worse; it is prestige-killing. HE HAS GONE ON THE STAGE! The fact is, the thrifty State pays him at best badly, and at worst, too little to live on. And since, even in Tariff-Reformed Germany, bread costs pfennigs, he has taken to supplementing his wages. Opera, concerts, the bearable legitimate stage, the base variety show, even the meek fifty-pfennig kinematograph, afford him an opening. This is a fruitful expedient for him as individual; but it lowers his decent calling with the profane public; and takes black bread out of the mouths of professionals as hard-up as he is himself.

The Official on the Stage

NEMESIS inspired an injured taxpayer to bring this fact to light. The injured one had been unjustly forced to pay income-tax on his real income, and had gone to drown his woe in a lively Friedrichstadt *Lokal*. When he was in the depths of despair his eyes descended, in the orchestra, on a dignified, familiar face, in close collaboration with a fist which was hammering a tambourine. It was Herr Income-Tax-Assessor. The citizen chuckled, upset his beer in delight, wrote a letter to the papers, and spent a month collecting damning facts about bureaucrats who degrade their irreproachable calling, and steal black bread from the mouths of professionals as hard-up as themselves.

A Sufferer's Revenge

HUNDREDS of bureaucrats, he discovered, whose noonday haughtiness turns the public green, metamorphise nocturnally into mild thumpers of kettledrums, sighing *jeunes premiers* on suburban stages, deluded husbands for "French" kinematograph films, and even circus Hussars who get kicked by the clown. In Berlin, it appeared, two hundred officials thus increase their wages, some of them earning weekly a pound as bureaucrats and two pounds as artists. Municipal officials favour the legitimate; runners for the Treasury are skilled musicians; and other "subaltern officials" monopolise the employment of night cafés and circuses. And there are even postalemployees who wait at theatre doors.

Any Sort of Job

NATURALLY, an angry German Actors' Association has begged the Ministries to forbid this abuse. Seven thousand professionals—it objects—actors, musicians, variety artists, and circus Hussars, are without work. The Ministries reply that Germany is a free country, and that competition is the mainspring of economic life. The angry Actors' Association, however, knows the truth: the thrifty Government reasons that if it forbids the Stage to pay its officials they will have to be paid by the State.

The Enraged Actor

THE puzzling question is, what can the professionals do? The only suggestion so far is that they should retaliate in kind, and deprive the officials of their work. They should raid the post-offices, dressed as comic charwomen and deluded husbands, and when the public clamours for a halfpenny stamp reply with a thrilling trombone-blast. They should post their own letters unstamped; refuse to pay income-tax; and, in view of the fact that municipal bailiffs compete with nigger-minstrels, meet them with silence and hauteur when they come to seize the piano. The objection raised is that they will seize the piano all the same.

Retaliation

Posing Her Profile

Photograph *Bassano*

MISS CONSTANCE DREVER AS ROSALINDA IN "NIGHTBIRDS"

Rosalinda is confronted with the task of making herself more attractive than the other women of her husband's acquaintance. This photograph seems to prove she must surely have succeeded; but, then, these men are such frivolous creatures!

The Critical Attitude

Applied to the Affairs of the World in General

By Ford Madox Hueffer

SAVING THE CABINET'S FACE: THE SPURIOUS SUFFRAGE SPLIT

The Collapsing Government

The Insurance Bill has ruined the Government with the present electorate, and to help this process on, Mr. Asquith is going heroically to add to that dissatisfied electorate an immense body of voters who must inevitably increase the Tory vote. It is quite jolly, because it is so complete and so artistic. It begins, of course, with the question of votes for Women. Mr. Asquith is one of those amiable sentimentalists who feel in their bones, without reason, though maybe with rhyme, that "Women must not have the vote." It is not a question of "ought not," but just of "must not." That is very square and straight. To this, then, must be added the pretty fact that for a long time past the Liberal Party agents have been making a careful survey of the caucus throughout the country. (I do not think that this is any longer a secret, for I have certainly heard one Liberal Minister at a dinner-party state the fact, and he made no stipulation that it was not to be mentioned.) And with one accord the Liberal agents have reported that the WOMEN WOULD VOTE CONSERVATIVE. How they have arrived at this portentous result I really cannot imagine, since as no woman has the vote they have nothing in the world to go upon unless I may permit myself the almost impolite guess that the Liberal agents have found the Liberal voter so personally distasteful that all his womenfolk must of necessity be against him. But that is not written seriously.

Mr. Asquith Shudders

But let us start definitely from the fact that the Liberal agents have made this incomprehensible report, which it is safest to put down to the pretty sentimentalism of Liberals—to the fact, in fact, that they believe that women, being in matters of intuition clearer sighted than men, will see through Liberalism, which no mere man can really do. But, be that how it may, consider how every fibre of Mr. Asquith's sentimental being must recoil before the thought of this immense body of persons so criminal that they must not have the vote and so heinously unnatural that they will all automatically vote Conservative. Imagine with what a jolly lachrymosity he appeals to Liberal women (I have heard him at it) not to support This Thing. Now you have to consider, in addition, how this affects the rest of the Cabinet and of the not all very wealthy people who have to fight in the Liberal interest for Parliamentary seats.

A Bogus Quarrel

Do not believe that there is so much agitation in the Cabinet as the instructed Liberal and the more uninstructed Conservative Press would have you believe. There is no Cabinet split—not the beginnings of one. The Liberal Press, which is almost exclusively capitalist-owned, and as such is singularly disgusting in the rôle of the poor man's friend—the Liberal Press, like every Liberal Party organisation, is manœuvred with an adroitness that should command the unbridled admiration of everyone who admires a neat and efficient conjuring trick. And the Liberal Press has to show that the Liberal Cabinet possesses good, solid, working consciences. So it has to pretend that Mr. Lloyd George, Sir E. Grey, and by far the larger and more influential group of the Cabinet are really quarrelling with their revered Leader over the matter of Votes for Women. Of course, they really are not; they are really trying to save the several faces of the party.

Manhood Suffrage

The point is that Mr. Asquith has thrown up the sponge, and that, if the Manhood Suffrage Bill goes through, women will certainly get their vote tacked on to it. But will the Manhood Suffrage Bill go through? That is a very ticklish and complicated question. Look carefully at all the elements of the situation. There is Mr. Asquith; there are the women; there are the cocoa and chemical capitalists, who have in their pockets Mr. Lloyd George and the party Press; and, finally, there is the Democracy, by which I mean for the moment the non-voting class below the small chapel-goer. Now, how do all these elements regard each other? Mr. Asquith certainly regards the women as Conservatives; it is probable that, being a sentimental Whig of the type that the dear gods make blind, he regards the Democracy as Whig-Radical. So that he may have said that he would counterbalance a limited Conservative-female increase of votes by a simply illimitable Democratic-Radical franchise. That is probably how he looks at it. On the other hand, he may be just tired and wanting to get out of office.

The Chapel Politicians

Where the women are we know. But where in the world is Mr. Lloyd George? He must know better than anyone in the world that to extend the franchise beyond the bounds of the small chapel-goer is to smash his particular organisation

for good. For, for several reasons, what it is convenient to call the Workhouse Franchise must tend enormously to the advantage of the comfortable rich style of party. The small shop-keeping classes and the well-to-do artisan never in their lives, never from year's end to year's end, come in contact with what it is convenient to call the gentry. The most, as a rule, that they know of this class is that they pay rent to some wealthy man, and they hate paying rent. They go to chapel because it is their class habit to go to chapel; and the chapel is the most efficient saver of time and money as it is the most convenient of all Mr. George's hustings. Indeed, the whole chapel organisation is a mighty Liberal engine. It supports a whole host of young ministers who, having no particular poor to care for as is the case with the Established or Catholic clergy, have nothing in particular to do at all. And these gentlemen spend the greater part of their time in tracing the removals of their flock. And these removals are all carefully noted to the Radical agents. The mere saving in time and money to the Party which they thus effect is enormous.

The Workhouse Franchise

But when it comes to the at present unfranchised class that lies below this permanent Liberal *caput mortuum*, the case is so different as to be absolutely startling. This is a grey mass of real people so bound down to the real facts of bitter life that none of the sentimentalisms of Mr. George, or of Henry George, or of William Morris, or of the Fabian Society have any power to charm them. They do not want to wait while doctrinaire demagogues break up the condition of things. They would starve in the meantime, and what they want is to have their poor bellies filled. And to-day, in a rule of thumb, sad and unsatisfactory enough manner, they do get their poor bellies filled, by parsons, by priests, by district visitors, by all the down-shoots of the conscience-stricken comfortable. And it is these comfortable classes that will sway the Workhouse Franchise. (Mr. Booth, of "Life and Labour," has put it on record that an immense majority of the population of London depends for its small pleasures and its tiny luxuries upon tips and windfalls pure and simple, and it is these tips and windfalls that the comfortable classes provide).

Socialism Doomed

So that, in all human probability, what the Workhouse Franchise will do is to give to the upper middle classes once more an immense power of meddling in elections—a power that has been lost to them for half a century. And this, in all human probability, is what the capitalists who own the Liberal Press desire. They desire it consciously or subconsciously. Subconsciously, I hope, for I do not like to think evil of my neighbours. And so automatically do the minds of these gentlemen work that every word they print in their journals and every action to which they commit the Government that they pay for — everything tends towards the accumulations in their pockets of money, of influence, and to the pauperisation of the classes to which their employees belong. Of course, these things will destroy the Liberal Party, but in the end no one of them will weep for that. Peerages are theirs for the asking, and Socialism for two generations will be scotched, and it is because they so terribly dread Socialism that these rich Whig employers of labour have captured the Liberal Party Press and have cajoled the unfortunate Mr. Lloyd George into his policy of pauperising the working classes by means of contemptibly inadequate doles. So, after their kind, they are patriots.

The Final Upshot

That is what party politics really is—a blind thing, devastating on the one day and beneficent in spite of itself on the next. For you will see what will happen. Mr. Asquith will be righteously fervid over the blessed word Franchise. Mr. Lloyd George will be splendidly indignant and tearful in turns. The Suffragettes will break a hundred more windows just to show Mr. George that they have their eyes on him. The Liberal Press will be oilily Biblical about its Daniel. The Conservative Press will groan sometimes, but not very often, because it will be afraid of the voters. Every time it does groan Mr. George will make splendid capital out of those outrages on the sovereign people. The Bill will go through. A great many rich people will distribute many more blankets, coals, oranges, and tickets for tea-fights. And, to the amazement of the Conservatives, Mr. Bonar Law will have three million more votes to his back, and, to the consternation of Dr. Clifford, he will find himself no longer a Pope anointing his King Georges, but just a small Dissenting minister again. *Celà vous donne une fière idée de l'homme.*

FORD MADOX HUEFFER

POPULAR WITH HOUNDS, DESPITE THE WEATHER

Lady Honor Ward (daughter of the Earl of Dudley) at Beau Desert, the Marquess of Anglesey's place at Rugeley

PARIS SHOWS

WINTER FASHIONS AS SEEN IN THE MORNING PARADE ON THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE

et Autres Choses

by John N. Raphael.

How It Happened

I DON'T wish to surprise you in any way, but it was a wet afternoon. I was standing at the corner of the Rue la Chaussée d'Antin, just where the mud-splashing was thickest. I wasn't really meditating, but you cannot rush quickly to the pavement opposite when a passing car has thrown an inch or two of liquefied Paris into your left eye. So I waited, and waiting overheard this conversation.

What They Said

I THINK they were *camelots*. One of them carried a bundle of newspapers, mudsplashed of course; the other carried the spattered wreck of a few Christmas toys. "It is not true," said the toy-merchant, whom I would not call the Spielmann now that I have seen *The Miracle*, but whom I called the Speilmann then, because he was a toy-merchant. "What is not true?" replied the other, the man who hawked the brain-food at a halfpenny a brain-wave. "It is not true what thou hast said." The brain-wave merchant put his nose in close proximity to the nose of the toy-merchant, and said, in low and incisive tones: "What is not true that I said?" "It is not true," the toy-merchant replied, and flipped his fingers within an inch or two of the brain-wave vendor's beard, endangering the remnants of last Monday's breakfast. "What is not true?" "Dost thou say perhaps that I speak not the truth?" "No, I do not say that. I say it is not true." "Dost thou, then, call me perhaps a liar?" "Thou speakest not the truth. That is what I say." "Who speaks not the truth?" "Thou speakest it not."

And as there seemed to be no likelihood of the conversation stopping before the rain did, I dodged two taxi-cabs, stepped on to a policeman's foot, and crossed the road in safety.

On the other side I met an Englishman, who had been listening to the conversation too. He has not lived in Paris as long as I have. "Footling lot of footlers, these Frenchmen," he said. "Rotten lot of rotters. Talk for half an hour and stop the traffic, and that's about all they can do." I was inclined to think that very much the same kind of argument might be overheard in London. He denied this explosively, and after harmony had been restored by nourishment at a neighbouring café, I looked at the clock, saw that it was close on four, rolled my umbrella tightly, called a cab, and caught the four o'clock train at the Gare du Nord.

Photograph *Henri Manuel*

FERNAND LABORI

The famous French Advocate, who has refused the Legion of Honour. He has taken part in many famous cases, including the Zola case, the Dreyfus appeal, and the Humbert case

I had forgotten the Channel by the next morning. At eleven I was on my way down to Fleet Street. I don't wish to surprise you in any way, but it was a wet morning. I was standing at the corner of Trafalgar Square, just where the mud-splashing was thickest. I wasn't really meditating, but you cannot rush quickly to the pavement opposite when a passing car has thrown an inch or two of liquefied London into your right eye. So I waited, and waiting overheard this conversation.

In London as in Paris

What They Said

ONE of them carried a bundle. I don't know what there was in it, but I think it was on its way to a pawnshop, and I am quite certain of the use to which the money obtained for it would be put. The other carried a tray of toys, and wore rags and a battered hat. He also wore a bottle-nose. Most of his clothes had been pawned already, and he had not quite finished celebrating the New Year yet. They met in the middle of the road. "That's wot 'e said," said Bottle-nose.

"Wot 'oo said?"

"'E did."

"'Oo did?"

"'Im."

"Wot did 'e do?"

"I told yer."

"Did yer?"

"Yus."

"Told me wot?"

"What 'e said, fat 'ead."

"Wot 'oo said?"

"W'y, wot 'e said."

"Wot 'oo said?"

"'Oo?"

"'Im, idjit."

And as there seemed to be no likelihood of the conversation stopping before the rain did, I dodged two taxi-cabs, stepped on to a policeman's foot (the large London size), and crossed the road in safety.

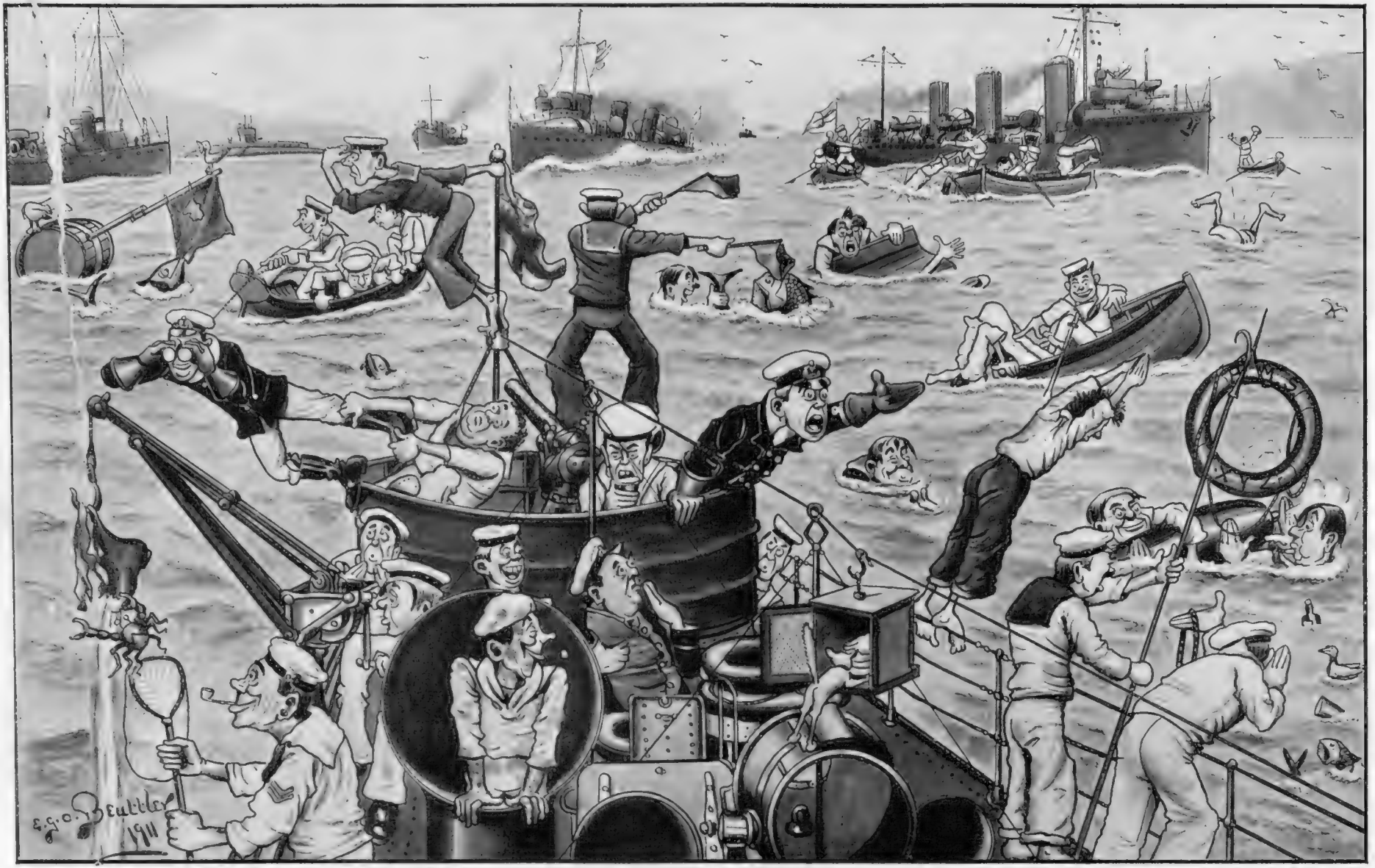
Who was it said the *entente cordiale* was weakening?

La Comédie Féminine

MADAME: "NOW YOU CAN RING"

BY ABEL FAIVRE

The Need for a Business Navy: A Case in Point



AFTER TORPEDO PRACTICE

The awful scene of confusion searching for a missing missile

[Further Naval Studies to follow weekly]

BY E. G. O. BEUTTLER

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

THE INTERLOPERS

BY "SAKI"

A FEUD AND ITS ENDING

IN a forest of mixed growth somewhere on the eastern spurs of the Karpathians, a man stood one winter night watching and listening, as though he waited for some beast of the woods to come within the range of his vision, and, later, of his rifle. But the game for whose presence he kept so keen an outlook was none that figured in the sportsman's calendar as lawful and proper for the chase; Ulrich von Gradwitz patrolled the dark forest in quest of a human enemy.

The forest lands of Gradwitz were of wide extent and well stocked with game; the narrow strip of precipitous woodland that lay on its outskirt was not remarkable for the game it harboured or the shooting it afforded, but it was the most jealously guarded of all its owner's territorial possessions. A famous law suit, in the days of his grandfather, had wrested it from the illegal possession of a neighbouring family of petty landowners; the dispossessed party had never acquiesced in the judgment of the Courts, and a long series of poaching affrays and similar scandals had embittered the relationships between the families for three generations. The neighbour feud had grown into a personal one since Ulrich had come to be head of his family; if there was a man in the world whom he detested and wished ill to it was Georg Znaeym, the inheritor of the quarrel and the tireless game-snatcher and raider of the disputed border-forest. The feud might, perhaps, have died down or been compromised if the personal ill-will of the two men had not stood in the way; as boys they had thirsted for one another's blood, as men each prayed that misfortune might fall on the other, and this wind-scourged winter night Ulrich had banded together his foresters to watch the dark forest, not in quest of four-footed quarry, but to keep a look-out for the prowling thieves whom he suspected of being afoot from across the land boundary. The roebuck, which usually kept in the sheltered hollows during a storm-wind, were running like driven things to-night, and there was movement and unrest among the creatures that were wont to sleep through the dark hours. Assuredly there was a disturbing element in the forest, and Ulrich could guess the quarter from whence it came.

He strayed away by himself from the watchers whom he had placed in ambush on the crest of the hill, and wandered far down the steep slopes amid the wild tangle of undergrowth, peering through the tree trunks and listening through the whistling and skirling of the wind and the restless beating of the branches for sight or sound of the marauders. If only on this wild night, in this dark, lone spot, he might come across Georg Znaeym, man to man, with none to witness—that was the wish that was uppermost in his thoughts. And as he stepped round the trunk of a huge beech he came face to face with the man he sought.

The two enemies stood glaring at one another for a long silent moment. Each had a rifle in his hand, each had hate in his heart and murder uppermost in his mind. The chance had come to give full play to the passions of a lifetime. But a man who has been brought up under the code of a restraining civilisation cannot easily nerve himself to shoot down his neighbour in cold blood and without word spoken, except for an offence against his hearth and honour. And before the moment of hesitation had given way to action a deed of Nature's own violence overwhelmed them both. A fierce shriek of the storm had been answered by a splitting crash over their heads, and ere they could leap aside a mass of falling beech tree had thundered down on them. Ulrich von Gradwitz found himself stretched on the ground, one arm numb beneath him and the other held almost as helplessly in a tight tangle of forked branches, while both legs were pinned beneath the fallen mass. His heavy shooting-boots had saved his feet from being crushed to pieces, but if his fractures were not as serious as they might have been, at least it was evident that he could not move from his present position till someone came to release him. The descending twigs had slashed the skin of his face, and he had to wink away some drops of blood from his eyelashes before he could take in a general view of the disaster. At his side, so near that under ordinary circumstances he could almost have touched him, lay Georg Znaeym, alive and struggling, but obviously as helplessly pinioned down as himself. All round them lay a thick-strewn wreckage of splintered branches and broken twigs.

Relief at being alive and exasperation at his captive plight brought a strange medley of pious thank-offerings and sharp curses to Ulrich's lips. Georg, who was nearly blinded with the blood which trickled across his eyes, stopped his struggling for a moment to listen, and then gave a short, snarling laugh.

"So you're not killed, as you ought to be, but you're caught, anyway," he cried; "caught fast. Ho, what a jest, Ulrich von Gradwitz snared in his stolen forest. There's real justice for you!"

And he laughed again, mockingly and savagely.

"I'm caught in my own forest-land," retorted Ulrich. "When my men come to release us you will wish, perhaps, that you were in a better plight than caught poaching on a neighbour's land, shame on you."

Georg was silent for a moment; then he answered quietly:

"Are you sure that your men will find much to release? I have men, too, in the forest to-night, close behind me, and *they* will be here first and do the releasing. When they drag me out from under these damned branches it won't need much clumsiness on their part to roll this mass of trunk right over on the top of you. Your men will find you dead under a fallen beech tree. For form's sake I shall send my condolences to your family."

(All rights strictly reserved)

"It is a useful hint," said Ulrich fiercely. "My men had orders to follow in ten minutes time, seven of which must have gone by already, and when they get me out—I will remember the hint. Only as you will have met your death poaching on my lands I don't think I can decently send any message of condolence to your family."

"Good," snarled Georg, "good. We fight this quarrel out to the death, you and I and our foresters, with no cursed interlopers to come between us. Death and damnation to you, Ulrich von Gradwitz."

"The same to you, Georg Znaeym, forest-thief, game-snatcher."

Both men spoke with the bitterness of possible defeat before them, for each knew that it might be long before his men would seek him out or find him; it was a bare matter of chance which party would arrive first on the scene.

Both had now given up the useless struggle to free themselves from the mass of wood that held them down; Ulrich limited his endeavours to an effort to bring his one partially free arm near enough to his outer coat-pocket to draw out his wine-flask. Even when he had accomplished that operation it was long before he could manage the unscrewing of the stopper or get any of the liquid down his throat. But what a Heaven-sent draught it seemed! It was an open winter, and little snow had fallen as yet, hence the captives suffered less from the cold than might have been the case at that season of the year; nevertheless, the wine was warming and reviving to the wounded man, and he looked across with something like a throb of pity to where his enemy lay, just keeping the groans of pain and weariness from crossing his lips.

"Could you reach this flask if I threw it over to you?" asked Ulrich suddenly; "there is good wine in it, and one may as well be as comfortable as one can. Let us drink, even if to-night one of us dies."

"No, I can scarcely see anything; there is so much blood caked round my eyes," said Georg, "and in any case I don't drink wine with an enemy."

Ulrich was silent for a few minutes, and lay listening to the weary screeching of the wind. An idea was slowly forming and growing in his brain, an idea that gained strength every time that he looked across at the man who was fighting so grimly against pain and exhaustion. In the pain and languor that Ulrich himself was feeling the old fierce hatred seemed to be dying down.

"Neighbour," he said presently, "do as you please if your men come first. It was a fair compact. But as for me, I've changed my mind. If my men are the first to come you shall be the first to be helped, as though you were my guest. We have quarrelled like devils all our lives over this stupid strip of forest, where the trees can't even stand upright in a breath of wind. Lying here to-night thinking I've come to think we've been rather fools; there are better things in life than getting the better of a boundary dispute. Neighbour, if you will help me to bury the old quarrel I—I will ask you to be my friend."

Georg Znaeym was silent for so long that Ulrich thought, perhaps, he had fainted with the pain of his injuries. Then he spoke slowly and in jerks.

"How the whole region would stare and gabble if we rode into the market-square together. No one living can remember seeing a Znaeym and a von Gradwitz talking to one another in friendship. And what peace there would be among the forester folk if we ended our feud to-night. And if we choose to make peace among our people there is none other to interfere, no interlopers from outside. . . . You would come and keep the Sylvester night beneath my roof, and I would come and feast on some high day at your castle. . . . I would never fire a shot on your land, save when you invited me as a guest; and you should come and shoot with me down in the marshes where the wildfowl are. In all the countryside there are none that could hinder if we willed to make peace. I never thought to have wanted to do other than hate you all my life, but I think I have changed my mind about things too, this last half-hour. And you offered me your wineflask. . . . Ulrich von Gradwitz, I will be your friend."

For a space both men were silent, turning over in their minds the wonderful changes that this dramatic reconcilation would bring about. In the cold, gloomy forest, with the wind tearing in fitful gusts through the naked branches and whistling round the tree-trunks, they lay and waited for the help that would now bring release and succour to both parties. And each prayed a private prayer that his men might be the first to arrive, so that he might be the first to show honourable attention to the enemy that had become a friend.

Presently, as the wind dropped for a moment, Ulrich broke silence.

"Let's shout for help," he said; "in this lull our voices may carry a little way."

"They won't carry far through the trees and undergrowth," said Georg, "but we can try. Together, then."

The two raised their voices in a prolonged hunting call.

"Together again," said Ulrich a few minutes later, after listening in vain for an answering halloo.

"I heard something that time, I think," said Ulrich.

"I heard nothing but the pestilential wind," said Georg hoarsely.

There was silence again for some minutes, and then Ulrich gave a joyful cry.

"I can see figures coming through the wood. They are following in the way I came down the hillside."

Both men raised their voices in as loud a shout as they could muster.

"They hear us! They've stopped. Now they see us. They're running down the hill towards us," cried Ulrich.

"How many of them are there?" asked Georg.

"I can't see distinctly," said Ulrich; "nine or ten."

"Then they are yours," said Georg; "I had only seven out with me."

"They are making all the speed they can, brave lads," said Ulrich gladly.

"Are they your men?" asked Georg. "Are they your men?" he repeated impatiently as Ulrich did not answer.

"No," said Ulrich with a laugh, the idiotic chattering laugh of a man unstrung with hideous fear.

"Who are they?" asked Georg quickly, straining his eyes to see what the other would gladly not have seen.

"*Wolves.*" "SAKI"

Nine Days From London

THE BIG GAME HUNTERS' SUDANESE PARADISE

A SUDANESE STORK

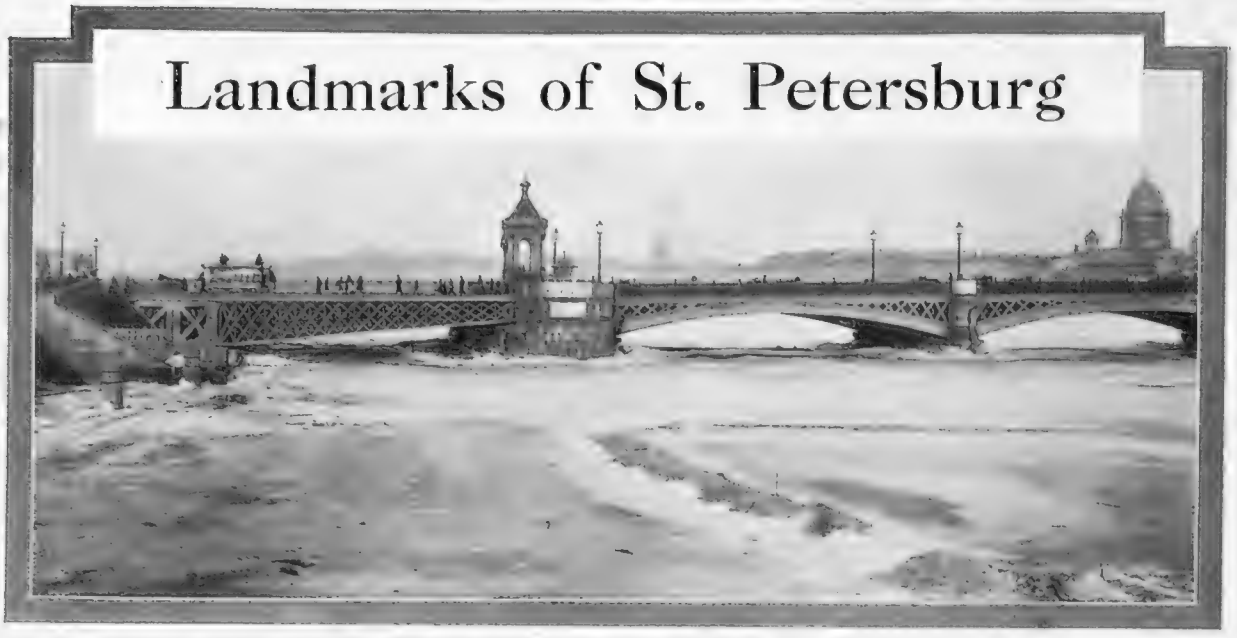
A FINE SUDANESE BUFFALO

The Sudan is one of the most easily accessible countries in which big game still abounds. About fifty species of game animals occur within its limits. Sportsmen contemplating a shooting trip in the Sudan should not fail to provide themselves with a copy of "Notes for Travellers and Sportsmen," an official publication obtainable in London at the office of the Chief European Passenger Agent of the Sudan Railways or at the Sudan Agency

SUDANESE CROCODILE, 10ft. 6in. LONG

THE DESERT TRANSPORT: SUDAN CAMELMEN

Landmarks of St. Petersburg



THE NICHOLAS BRIDGE OVER THE NEVA, ST. PETERSBURG

The richly decorated Cathedral of St. Isaac, of Dalmatia, erected by Nicholas I., is seen in the background. It is an almost cubic building surmounted by one large and lofty and four small gilded domes

WHEN Peter the Great found that the old Russian capital of Moscow provided neither a window through which he might look on Europe, nor a draught of those sea breezes with which he loved to fill his lungs, he raised the fortress of Peter and Paul at the head of the Gulf of Finland, and thus laid the first foundation of the city on the Neva. It is difficult, as you walk along the Nevsky Prospekt, to realise that only two hundred years have passed since the Genius of the North moved his capital to the hopeless site of a morass, but it is a fact that the city is built on piles, and is slowly, very slowly, sinking back into its native river. The Neva, a broad and stately stream where it flows beneath the bridges of the city, runs less than fifty miles from Lake Ladoga to the Gulf, which it enters at a spot known as Strielcka, or the Point. The Point has a great reputation with the romantic youth of this icy climate, but whatever may be its inspiration in summer-time, I cannot honestly recommend a drive in that direction in November, for it involves a remembrance of dead leaves, dripping boughs, and a thick mist that hides Cronstadt and everything else of any interest.

The northern capital is a city of fine streets and wide spaces, of river frontage and well-bridged canals. No other city of two million inhabitants has so many "lungs," and there cannot be a dozen streets in the world finer than the Nevsky. True, I would rather have seen troikas than trams, and snow than mud, but the climate, never, perhaps, of the best, is always a lottery in early winter, and during three weeks of November I saw only two days of snow and not more than two of sunshine. Of the many bridges within the city the most conspicuous are the Troietsky, which, crossed by trams, spans the river near the grim fortress of Peter and Paul, and the Nicholas, also laid with tram-lines, a little below the Cathedral of St. Isaac and the last bridge before the Gulf. Between them is a rickety wooden bridge, used chiefly by foot-passengers, a restless turmoil of humanity that may recall to those who know it the more alluring footway over the Golden Horn, though the crowd of the northern city is less varied and the wayfarers there wear more soberraiment. The picture of the Nicholas Bridge, with the cathedral on the further bank, was taken just before the closing of the navigation, about six weeks before Christmas, when shipping is perforce idle until the following spring. There is a scheme for keeping it open six weeks longer by removing the ice blocks in the upper reaches, but this, like some other improvements in Russia, is so far mostly talk.

Petersburg is a city of gloom. Colour is not its strong suit. True, many of the palaces and official buildings are washed with red, and there is always the gaiety of uniforms in the streets or at the opera; but grey is the prevailing tone. Once the short summer is gone, there is little more than six hours of daylight, as a result of which the city is alive only at night. In one Russian family I was told that the children were rarely out of bed before mid-day, doing their lessons in the afternoon and evening; and the gaiety in the restaurants and music-halls lasts from midnight until four in the morning. The children of that climate can be joyous only by artificial light. Soon after arrival I presented myself to the Prefect of Police for permission to use a camera. This, with certain restrictions, which we should do well to introduce as a check on the camera-fiend at home, was readily accorded, but I soon found that in the normal November light of that city the art of photography more than justified Ruskin's withering description of it as "making the sun draw blots through a hole in a box!"

Another result of this "dim, religious light," which will soon impress the tourist, is the great difficulty of duly appreciating the superb interior architecture of the cathedral and churches and the priceless treasures in the galleries and museums. Each of the great cathedrals is plunged in darkness, and the least dismal of the churches is that of the Resurrection, of which the marvellous mosaics and the stately pillars of malachite and lapis lazuli are sure to excite the admiration even of some who may regard their style as too florid to inspire devotion.

As may be seen, the building is suggestive of a mosque rather than a church, and its doleful interest lies in the fact that it was erected over the spot, still to be seen under its roof, on which the fatal bomb ended the life of the present Tsar's grandfather.

One of the most interesting and conspicuous buildings on the Neva is the fortress of Peter and Paul, from the ramparts of which a cannon is fired daily at noon. This, the starting-point of the city, is chiefly interesting because its church contains the tombs of the Romanoffs. Time was when this was the most dreaded dungeon in the Empire, and its name still carries terror to those ignorant of the fact that the distinction has long since passed to Schlusselburg, which stands on the shore of Lake Ladoga at its outlet. The sights of St. Petersburg are not many. The finest collection of pictures, mostly by exotic masters, is to be found in the Hermitage, which is closed indefinitely for repairs, but there are also some fine paintings on the upper floor of the Alexander III. Museum. The National History Museum houses the famous Siberian mammoth, and the collection of Imperial coaches and sledges is also worth a visit. Here is another mournful memory of the murdered Tsar in the shape of the carriage, decorously veiled by a pall, in which he drove to his dreadful death. Still sadder are his private apartments in the Winter Palace, with the bed he died in, the clock stopped at the hour he breathed his last, and even an unfinished cigarette lying on his table. The Winter Palace, which cannot be seen in less than half a day, contains one of the finest collections of furniture and art in all Europe.

The city has its share of monuments, most memorable of all is that of its founder, erected by the Empress Catherine. Mounted on a gigantic charger, which prances on a huge block of granite, he looks across an open space towards the frozen river. If the Giant of the North could see to-day the development of his city, even he might well be satisfied, and, perhaps, a little astonished.

F. G. Aflalo

THE NEVSKY PROSPEKT: THE CHIEF THOROUGHFARE OF ST. PETERSBURG

This broad street, always crowded, is one of the finest in Europe. The architecture, with its huge brick houses covered with stucco and mostly painted grey, is rigid and military in aspect

The Literary Log

Rolled by Ralph Straus

Mr. Compton Mackenzie

A year ago there was published a novel which delighted critics and public alike. This, I may remark, does not invariably happen. The book was called *The Passionate Elopement*, and told the story of a small inland spa, Curtain Wells, with its Exquisite Mob and its Beau Ripple and its little comedies and tragedies. It was written with so astonishing a knowledge of, and insight into, the eighteenth century that it might well have been the work of a contemporary of Goldsmith's or Sheridan's, and only dug out of a box of old rubbish, still in manuscript, at the beginning of the present decade. The book caused universal satisfaction, and the author, Mr. Compton Mackenzie, thoroughly deserved his success. Incidentally, you wondered what his second book would be like. When you enjoy a book by an unfamiliar author, the first question you ask yourself generally is: "What else has he written?" or, if he be a new man, "What will his next book be? Shall we recognise certain characteristics?" and so on. In the case of Mr. Mackenzie these questions may now be answered. In *Carnival* (Secker: 6*s.*) there is nothing of the delicate, artificial aroma of the eighteenth century, with its elegiacs and its powder-puffs, but a realistic presentment of a music-hall dancer, who is by no means a "star," but just a member of one of the "lines," a girl not very different, I suppose, from many of her kind, attractive, lovable, honest, weak on occasions when many women are weak, but always understandable.

Photograph *E. O. Hoppé*

MR. COMPTON MACKENZIE

Author of "The Passionate Elopement," whose new novel, "Carnival" (Secker: 6s.), is reviewed on this page

Technique and a Story

Well, in the first place it is obvious that Mr. Mackenzie knows as much about the music-hall of to-day as he knows about the eighteenth-century folk. Here are the same intimate descriptions in calm and measured prose as gave to *The Passionate Elopement* its most distinguished characteristic. Here is the same unstrained, masterful dialogue. And here also is an infinitely finer technique. The story of Jenny Raeburn, from her birth in Islington to her death in Cornwall, is told in terms of Jenny Raeburn and nobody else. Generally it happens that when such careful technique is aimed at, the story loses something of its virility. On the other hand, the most ludicrous mistakes follow upon a careless method of relation. I remember once reading a book in which a man is made to describe a scene at which he could not possibly have been present; the scene, I suppose, *had* to be described, but the particular character who described it was not chosen by the author with much skill. The trouble arises from the fact that the author is so often tempted to tell you exactly what everybody in his book is thinking and doing—with the result that you may learn more about them, but are apt to be fogged and lose all idea of cohesion. In *Carnival* Mr. Mackenzie has scored a triumph of technique, and the critics will consequently be pleased; but he has done more, for he has a good story to tell, and the public quite rightly appreciates a good story. Jenny's history is a sad, though not, you imagine, a very unusual one.

Remarkable Writing

She slides into the theatrical world quite naturally, and finds men "soppy" when they attempt to make love to her; but she, in common with you, probably feels that a man who is different will some day emerge from his corner. This man, Maurice Avery, does emerge, but you know well enough that the thing cannot last, nor does it. Another man, Danby, appears, and the episode of Danby is a remarkable piece of writing, which carries the book into high places. Ultimately Jenny marries a monomaniacal Cornishman to get away from her work, and tragedy ensues, tragedy inevitable and final. As I have told it in a line or two the story sounds meagre; in reality it is not, and every character in the book is a delicate, inimitable picture. There is nothing of the photograph in these chapters, but a fine perception of one side,

The Royal Commission

in their final report on Tuberculosis, recently issued, clearly showed that the chief danger to child life resulted from the use of infected cow's milk. To quote one extract: "The Evidence we have accumulated goes to demonstrate that a considerable amount of the tuberculosis of childhood is to be ascribed to infection transmitted to children in meals consisting largely of the milk of the cow."

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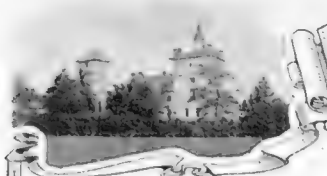

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Ghost Stories

Opinions about ghosts differ, as do opinions about ghost stories. Dr. Montague James, who published a collection of ghost stories a few years ago, thinks that, in fiction at any rate, "the ghost should be malevolent and odious." Accordingly, in his *More Ghost Stories of an Antiquary* (Arnold: 6*s.*), the several ghosts, which are by no means the headless apparitions with clanking chains so dear to the popular imagination, but something much more eerie and dreadful, are certainly malevolent and certainly odious. The stories themselves have the necessary air of verisimilitude, and make good reading. They do not run on the same old lines—and that alone should say much for a ghost story. As might be expected from an expert in manuscripts, Dr. James has made free use of his knowledge of the inner workings of libraries—one wonders that he has not actually made use of a *bookworm* itself—and in one place he gives a parody of an obituary notice in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of a hundred years ago, which should endear him to all other antiquaries in the country. There is a bookish, as well as a ghostly, atmosphere in this interesting volume. You feel that these weird things Dr. James describes really have happened, and might conceivably happen—though heaven forbid!—to yourself. An admirable book—but don't read it in bed. The candle might go out.

Fairy Tales for Grown-Ups

Original fairy tales, like new ghost stories, must be difficult to compose. Mr. Edmund Vale, in *Pixie Pool* (Heffer: 2*s.* 6*d.* net), shows considerable ability and a fanciful and poetic imagination. There are some twenty stories about Sea-maidens, and Wonderful Beings on excellent terms with the cosmos, and Silver Boats, and Death—all carefully written in a musical prose. The book is quaintly illustrated.

RALPH STRAUS

MATTERS MUSICAL

CHAMBER MUSIC AND THE AMATEUR

Ambition

THERE can be no doubt that this is not an age for chamber-music. To practise, or even to appreciate, that most delightful product of the art demands a more reposeful life, a less energetic outlook, than is possible to-day. No modern composer considers himself weaned unless he has written music for an orchestra of a hundred; no dilettante is content with the more simple aspects of composition. We all pine for the double-bassoon and the bass-trumpet, the melancholy saxophone and the impudent glockenspiel—all the trimmings, in fact, which do not add one jot to the value of music *quâ* music.

Unpopularity

For music is really a simple thing, able to be expressed in one line, as it were, in the song of a human being or the melody of some instrument. The complexity of European technique has added to the possibilities of it by multiplying various contrasting beauties. But only the very great masters have, as it seems to me, justified this complexity; in the majority of cases it serves only as a cloak to hide poverty of real musical invention, and in chamber-music the cloak is apt to be very obvious; hence its unpopularity with most modern composers.

The English Amateur

Another thing which has done much to kill chamber-music is the performance of it in concert-rooms. Of course, I do not mean to say that it is impossible to enjoy chamber-music under such conditions, but they are essentially unnatural. Chamber-music was designed to be played in private houses either by a few friends or professional musicians engaged for the purpose. The function was an intimate one, like the brewing of tea, and only the oddities who enjoy large tea-parties can expect to be thoroughly satisfied with chamber-music in a public hall. Nowadays it is not the custom for the nobility and the plutocracy to include musicians among their retinues; so, for the ideal performance of the trio, quartette, or quintet we are usually forced to rely on the amateur—which seems rather like jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire. For the ordinary English amateur is hardly a joy for ever. Not very long ago the ladies and gentlemen who ventured to sing or play in an English drawing-room were the terrors of the civilised world, and if matters have changed somewhat in the last few years there is still plenty of room for improvement.

Hankering After Professionalism

Now, I believe that the principal cause of the inadequacy of the English amateur is the amazing craze for everybody possessed of moderate talent to become a professional. If she—they are nearly always women—has money, she inflicts a grave injustice on her poorer and more gifted colleagues; if not, she inflicts a great deal of unnecessary evil on herself; and in either case she grossly defrauds the public. Indeed, the professional musician has done much to kill music in many ways, but in no way more than in unduly depleting the ranks of those who practise music for its own sake.

An Unlikely Reform

The reasons for this conduct are manifold: Vanity very often, or a wish to get married—the concert-platform is not the stage, of course, which is rapidly becoming one vast matrimonial Mrs. Hunt's, but it offers good opportunities—or the simple, irresistible desire to escape from home. This last motive, in particular, accounts for almost as many bad artists as it does for unhappy marriages, so that the reform of home-life seems a necessary preliminary to the regeneration of amateur music. Once that unlikely reform attained, some M.P. might be persuaded to propose that, unless due cause is shown to the contrary, the adoption of the musical profession be considered a felony. Then the amateur—the amateur who cares enough to practise like a professional—would flourish, and chamber-music might enjoy its own again. But I am not hopeful—not even in these days of government by incubator.

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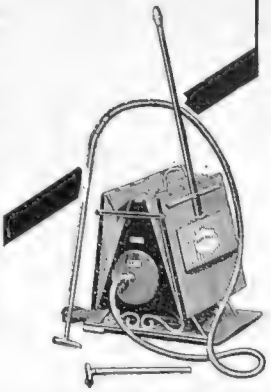

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GAMES AND PASTIMES

KENNINGTON OVAL'S PRETTY COUSIN ADELAIDE

The Adelaide Oval, the scene of the third Test Match, despite its picturesque surroundings, is not looked upon as a paradise by English cricketers, and our men entered upon their task last Friday with the disquieting knowledge that England had not won a match there since 1891-2

GOLF

Duncan and Ball's Challenge

Considerable interest has been aroused by a challenge lately issued by George Duncan and Tom Ball. The terms of their challenge are that they are prepared to play any other two players a match of seventy-two holes over two neutral courses. The novelty in the conditions consists in the method of play proposed by the challengers. They stipulate that the match shall be a four-ball foursome. So far I have not seen that the glove thrown down by them has been picked up by any two of the leading players. Possibly this may be due to the nature of the proposed test. So far as I know, there has been no instance, in our country at any rate, of a match of this description. The four-ball hybrid has come into vogue quite of late years, and has found particular favour in the United States. In that country the foursome is at a discount. It is not "hustling" enough for young players who are eager to play as much as they can, and look upon a foursome as so much waste of valuable time.

Photograph Sport and General

JACK WHITE

The Open Champion of 1904 is playing in great form just now, and has recently, in a match with Prince Albert and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, established a fresh record (68) for the Royal Ascot Club's course

The Drawbacks of the "Four-baller"

But our courses are, as a rule, too crowded to admit of many four-ball parties, and I fancy, too, that there is a growing recognition of the fact that this form of the game is a very bad schooling for young players. There is a sense of freedom and irresponsibility which is, no doubt, very attractive at first, but which in the long run is bad for the players. Each partner feels that if he breaks down at a hole his partner will pull him through. Then, too, if both parties play well, one of them takes liberties on the putting-green which would be impossible in an ordinary foursome. His partner having got a four or a five, as the case may be, he is adjured to go for the three or the four, and bangs his ball at the back of the hole on the chance of a lucky bolt. For a private match on an unfrequented course a four-ball foursome is quite an amusing form of game for four players of equal calibre. But it is not golf in the proper sense of the term, and I think it would be an evil day for the game if this mongrel type of it came into general use as a form of match between great players. For this reason I am sorry to see Duncan and Ball couching their challenge in this form.

Why Not a Foursome?

A great crowd would, no doubt, be attracted to see a four-ball match between the challengers and Braid and Vardon. But I have my doubts whether the actual match would be really interesting or whether it would prove satisfactory as a test. Apart from meteoric brilliancy every now and then on either side, most of the holes in a four-ball match with players like Braid, Vardon, Duncan, and Ball engaged would in all probability be halved, and the party that first scored would be very difficult to dislodge. Personally I hope Duncan and Ball will change their challenge into one for a legitimate foursome.

ERNEST LEHMANN

CRICKET

Test Match Hopes and Fears

Are the Ashes in for another sea voyage? It really looks as if, in spite of our gloomy forebodings and of the irrecoverable set-back of P. F. Warner's illness, there is hope for Old England this time, although we are a long way as yet from being able to call the rubber our own. There was a time when Test Matches were looked upon, perhaps rightly, as a somewhat dull form of cricket because of the grim earnestness, and the stern avoidance of all risks, which they involved. But the coming of the "googlie" bowler has changed all that. There is now always a big "if" in every match. Will the googlie bowling come off or will it not? That is the question upon which everything seems to depend.

"If a googlie bowler can keep a good length," said an old hand at the game to me some time ago, "I defy any man to play the stuff!" And then he went on to discuss learnedly the method of playing it and to pooh-pooh the suggestion that the right way is to go in to it and hit. "How *can* you," he asked plaintively, "when you don't know, and when, perhaps, even the bowler himself doesn't know, which way the beastly ball is going to break?" Well, there are a few batsmen who are beginning to learn the right trick, and it is a comfort to think that one or two of them are in the England eleven. Take away the "googlie man," and I think it may safely be said that our men can hold the Australians so long as the weather conditions are pretty much the same for both. Our batsmen are nearly, if not quite, as good as theirs, and our bowlers are unquestionably better. There remains Hordern. "Googlie" bowling without length is practically innocuous, but if Hordern finds his length and somebody—Hobbs for choice—cannot knock him off it, the worst may happen in the brief space of a few overs.

Photograph Sport and General

J. B. HOBBS

The man of the moment, whose innings of 187 at Adelaide last week is the second highest individual score ever made by an Englishman in a Test Match

A Few Hobbservations

I say "Hobbs for choice," because—with all due respect to our other "top men"—it really seems as if—like Mr. Dolls in "Our Mutual Friend"—he is the man to do it. It has been remarked that the pace at which he scored his runs on Friday and Saturday was unusually slow—for him. That in ordinary circumstances he is a rapid run-getter we all know. But in a Test Match time is not, as the lawyers say, of the essence of the contract, and the time that Hobbs took over his innings, and especially over his first hundred, was of positive value in the circumstances. Finding that he could play Hordern all right, he realised that it was just as important that he should stay there and take it out of him as that he should make runs, for in this way the task of those who came in later would be simplified. It must have cost him an effort, too, in the heat. After the tea interval it is obvious that he did not play so carefully; he had had almost enough, and in making his last fifty runs or so he was a bit lucky. But it was a great innings, and it achieved a double purpose. The Australians must have felt very thankful that Sunday is a day of rest. Hobbs, indeed, is a wonderful man. Wherever he goes, at home or abroad, he almost invariably "comes off." This latest century of his, following on his 126 not out at Melbourne, is the second highest individual score made by an Englishman in Test Matches against Australia, the highest being R. E. Foster's 287 at Sydney in 1903-4. H. S. S.

RACING: The Grand National. By CARBINE

The Entries

After the predictions that the Grand National entry would suffer badly this year on account of the decision to raise the minimum weight, the race has secured a remarkably good entry of fifty-seven, only four fewer than last season. One misses Lutteur III., the brilliant French jumper who fairly electrified the natives by his fine victory three years ago, but we have two past winners of the race in Jenkinstown and Glenside. The latter is not likely to win again, for his success last year was the luckiest ever known, but Jenkinstown is a very businesslike customer, who is sure to have a following. There are several French entries, and it is as well to remember that steeplechasing form in France is every bit as good as it is here, and after Lutteur III.'s win it would be very foolish to disregard the Continental candidates. The weights are not to be published until next week, but four people out of six seem to have made up their minds that either Jerry M. or Rathnally is going to win this race. Whatever weights they may be apportioned, those two are likely to be the favourites for the great Liverpool steeplechase.

At Hurst Park

Jerry M. we saw at Hurst Park on Saturday, and extremely well this grand 'chaser looked. In the ring he was severely "peppered," but this move did not have the significance it often possesses, as Jerry M. was always going well in the race, and when it came to the last gallop on the flat he easily outdistanced Bloodstone. The merit of the performance has been over-estimated, for he did not have much to beat, but at least it showed us that this fine horse is in good racing trim once more. He is sure to have topweight for the Grand National, and if he wins it will be one of the most popular successes of recent times. The meeting at Hurst Park was excellent, and besides Jerry M.'s success there was something to stir the multitude in the shape of a very gallant weight-carrying performance by Master-at-Arms, who is a wonderful little jumper.

Selections

We usually get good steeplechasing at Newbury, and the programme for the middle of the present week promises well. The Sefton Steeplechase on Wednesday may be won by that smart young jumper, **Prefect**, and the Maiden Hurdle Race may fall to **Shackleton**. On the following afternoon Mr. Percy Whitaker, who is enjoying the most successful season he has ever had as trainer, has the two topweights in the Winchester Steeplechase, and the chosen one of them, which will probably be **Lord Rivers**, will possibly win. On the same day I shall expect **Ashley Park** to win the Ogbourne Steeplechase. Turning to the Lingfield Park meeting at the end of the week, **Smithfield** may secure the New Year Steeplechase on Friday and **Quinton** the Hammerwood Steeplechase on the second day.

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(*Copy of letter from the Right Rev. Bishop Neligan, January 1, 1912*)

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—Yours faithfully,

(Signed) M. P. NELIGAN,
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MOTORING: BY LAND, SEA, and SKY

BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

Quaint Modes of Enjoyment

I recently did a thousand miles, mainly over Cornwall and Devon, on Warland rims and the new Warland steel wheel. I went expressly to test both under the severest conditions I could find consistent with my personal comfort, convenience, and safety—all of which I value highly. If you know the coast roads of the two counties mentioned you will agree that there may be more strenuous routes, but they will require finding. When I add that the car was a 40 h.-p. and weighed over the public weighbridge 2½ tons all on, you will admit that we could have handicapped a new rim and wheel more severely—but not much. And when I say that we honestly did our best to wrench the rims off the wheels by violent twisting at high speeds, jumping culverts without slackening, and the like (always, I hasten to remark, on deserted roads, and at quaint times like 7 a.m.); and endeavoured by the same means and with an industry worthy of a better cause to fracture the wheel, and failed, you *may* conclude that I have a somewhat weird way of ensuring my personal safety and comfort, but you will *certainly* conclude that the rim and wheel have strong claims to consideration—as, indeed, they have.

ARCTIC AUTOMOBILISM

Conveying an idea of the conditions and the costume of the Swedish Winter Trophy Race. At the wheel is Mr. H. Kjellgren, who drives one of the Vauxhall cars in the forthcoming race. Mr. P. C. Kidner drives the other

Concerning a Wheel and Rim

This is a time of wire wheels, and steel wheels. It is also accepted that a detachable wheel or rim is of the essence of necessity. The Warland wheel is not detachable. That is not necessary, because the Warland *rim* is so easily handled. The wheel is not a steel disc, nor of the wire-spoked variety. There are many who prefer the appearance of the artillery wheel. They will like the Warland, which is shaped like the old wooden artillery wheel, but is all steel (incidentally, all-British), with tubular spokes. It is lighter than any other steel or wire wheel, but shop tests have demonstrated, as the road test confirmed, its enormous strength. The rim is contractile. It is held by a few bolts. It has a gap piece which, when removed (through the operation of a small ratchet tool slightly expanding the rim), leaves a gap to allow of the contraction of the rim (by the same ratchet tool—which is also, by the way, the box-spanner that removes the bolt nuts) until the tyre falls off. Its simplicity of operation and the speed at which the most unfamiliar can change a tyre are strikingly emphasised by the fact that at Land's End we summoned up a fisherman from the vasty deep (of the local hostel—ale and spirit

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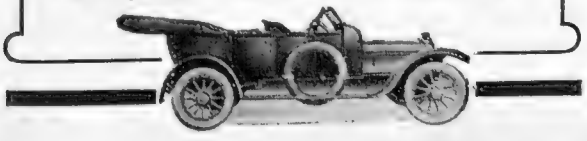

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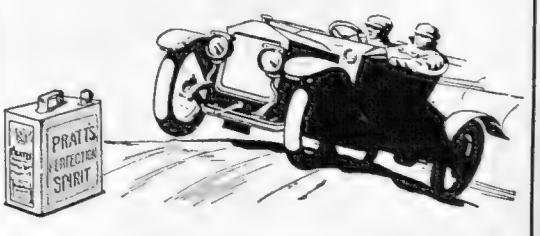

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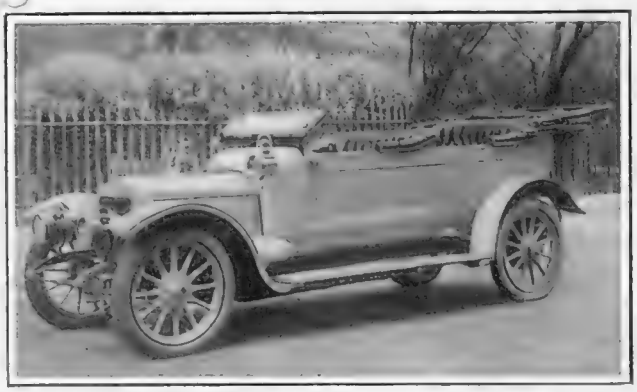
department), gave him a trial trip with the ratchet tool, and then timed him. He had the rim off in 1½min., the tyre off in the same time, and had replaced both on the wheel in a total time of 6min. 46 3-5th sec. That is less of a feat than of a demonstration that the Warland Rim is a notable contribution to motoring convenience, coupled with motoring safety. I cordially commend both rim and wheel to your consideration.

Petrol Pipe Lines

Three days of serious fog on the river, said Sir Marcus Samuel the other day, would probably set up a petrol famine in London. Sir Marcus, being exceedingly intimate with the conditions governing the supply of "essence" to the Metropolis, speaks with much greater authority upon the matter than I can hope to do. I can only say that if this, indeed, is so, we are like to find ourselves in a deplorable pickle, unless adequate steps are taken to remedy the weakness. We hardly appreciate the enormous consumption of petrol in London and the slender reserve which lack of storage accommodation necessarily connotes, until a strike of carmen puts 50 per cent. of motor omnibuses out of action in a few days, and sends the price of spirit soaring. If a fog, or any other possible obstruction to regular supply, can produce this result, I am for any scheme of improvement that will fill the bill, both on the ground that I have a conscientious objection to paying nearly 100 per cent. more for my petrol (I had to do that during the recent strike), and again on the ground of public convenience and public necessity. Pipe lines from those huge spots on the waste places without the danger zone of London's congested area to various parts of the Metropolis is the proposal which Sir Marcus has made. It has the support of the General Committee of the Commercial Motor Users' Association, which sits under Colonel Crompton, C.B., and represents all the largest consumers in London. Therefore, expect application for Parliamentary sanction very shortly. Meanwhile, the L.C.C. has yielded to the pressure of the situation and licensed a larger storage within the metropolitan area.



Photograph *Campbell-Gray*

A NOTABLE CAR FOR 1912

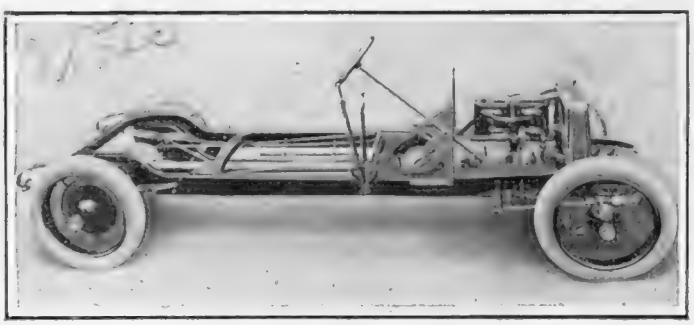
The Clement carrying a torpedo body and adequately reflecting in its fine finish the sterling quality of the hidden engineering work

Some Scottish Show Cars

Siddeley-Deasy show two models on the stand of Messrs. Croall and Croall, of Edinburgh, one the 18-24 h.-p. four-cylinder with Knight engine, and the other a 24-30 h.-p. six-cylinder. The first has a landaulette body; the second a cabriolet complete for the road. The coachwork is exceedingly well-devised and of infinite credit to the builders, Messrs. Croall and Croall, themselves. Another Siddeley-Deasy is on the stand of Messrs. Seligmann and Co., of Glasgow, and yet another on Stand 19, for which Mr. A. C. Penman, of Dumfries, is responsible, as he is for the finely built cabriolet which adorns his 18-24 h.-p. Siddeley-Deasy Knight. So that this make of vehicle is very worthily represented, which is as its merits deserve.

N.B., S.S., S C.A.T. stands for Newton and Bennett's self-starting S.C.A.T. cars, for which Messrs. Hendry and Co., of Motherwell, are responsible at the show. Two 15-20 h.-p. and three 22-30 h.-p. vehicles make a collection of cars and chassis at which no critic may cavil. The coachwork is highly creditable, and effectively translates the exhibitors' desire to produce a comfortable, serviceable carriage while comforming to the requirements of style. The special feature is, of course, the positive compressed air self-starter, one of the most desirable accessories to a modern automobile, and certainly one of the most efficient.

Stand No. 119, the Clement-Talbot Company, a 15 h.-p. limousine in deep green, a 20 h.-p. six-cylinder polished chassis (23.87 by R.A.C. rating), and (this on the Western Motor Company's stand) a 12 h.-p. torpedo and a 15 h.-p. landaulette. The chief point about these cars is that they are Clement-Talbots. That is enough for the discriminative, but these further points may be noted. The Stewart-Talbot carburettor with a variable air tap; pump-circulated lubrication with dash indicator; and an encased cardan-shaft drive, the tube serving as a torque-rod, but being augmented by radius-rods. Vehicles that Scottish Bystanders certainly must *not* miss.



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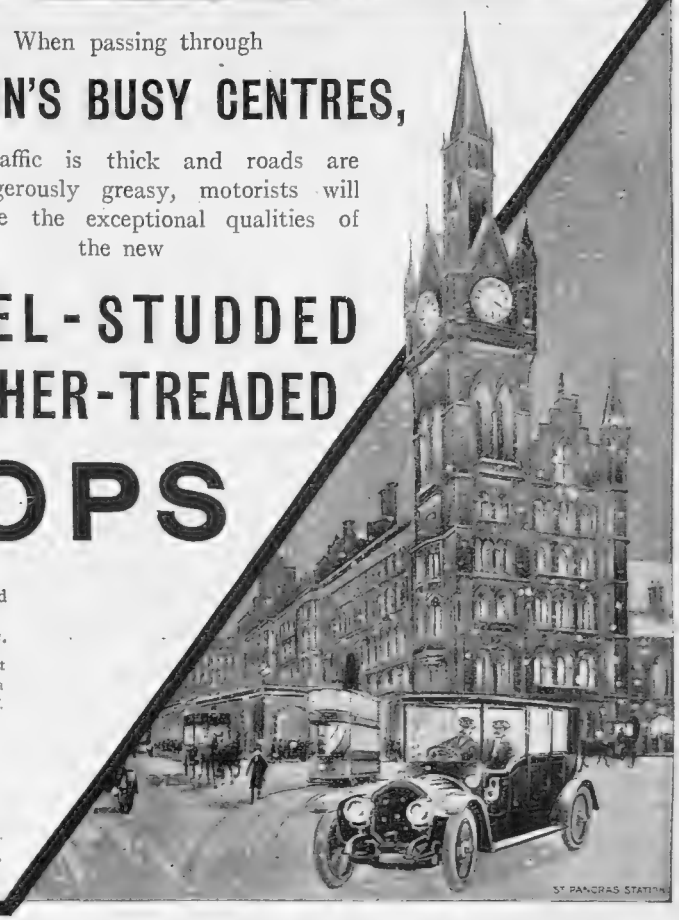

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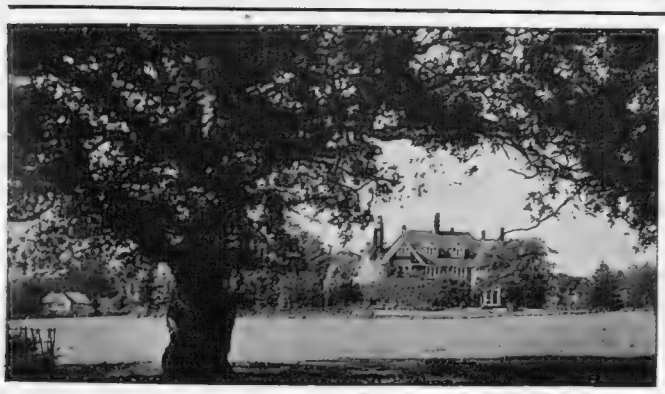

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HANTS.—£3,200 with 17 ACRES; £2,750 with 5 OR 6 ACRES; £130 per annum, Unfurnished, with 7 acres; or would be Let, Furnished.—Unusually choice PROPERTY, on gravel soil with chalk subsoil. The charming Residence stands high in well-timbered grounds studded with cedar, walnut, beech, chestnut, acacia, and other trees.

DUE SOUTH ASPECT. CHARMING VIEWS.

Beautiful avenue drive with entrance lodge.

Hall, loggia, 3 reception rooms. 8 bed and dressing rooms. Conservatory, offices, dairy, etc. Bathroom, schoolroom.

Stabling and first-class motor-house. Very attractive pleasure grounds, tennis and croquet lawns, walled kitchen garden and rosary, 2 paddocks.—Personally inspected and strongly recommended by HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

800 FT. ABOVE SEA.

In a grand position, commanding delightful views.

SOUTH-WEST ASPECT. | CLOSE TO GOLF COURSE. | COMPANY'S WATER.

SURREY HILLS (35 MINUTES FROM TOWN).—£2,500, Freehold, or £125 per annum on Lease, would be accepted for the above very attractive RESIDENCE, approached by a carriage drive through grounds of about 2 acres, which adjoin a wood. Hall, drawing and dining rooms, large verandah, 7 bedrooms, bathroom, etc. Excellent drainage and sanitary arrangements.

DELIGHTFUL GROUNDS, TASTEFULLY DISPOSED,

with pergola, tennis lawn, kitchen garden, and meadow; stabling or garage by arrangement. Close to post and telegraph offices.—Details of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

GENTLEMAN'S ESTATE IN MINIATURE.

Superbly positioned on a Southern slope.

DORSET (near a favourite coast town).—To be LET, UNFURNISHED, at £300 per annum, modern RESIDENCE, enjoying every ray of sunshine, and commanding exquisite views, whilst absolute privacy and seclusion are assured by the

GRANDLY TIMBERED GROUNDS,

intersected by carriage drives, each with lodge at entrance. Drawing room (26ft. by 25ft.) leading to conservatory (32ft. by 20ft.), dining room (25ft. 6in. by 18ft. 6in.), panelled billiard room (28ft. by 24ft.), library (15ft. 6in. by 13ft. 6in.), study, 13 bed and dressing rooms, bath, complete offices. Ample stabling, garage.

MODEL FARMERY

Beautiful old gardens, terraces, tennis lawns, pergola, lily pond with fountain, kitchen garden, glass, orchard, and 2 paddocks, in all 10½ acres. Gas and water laid on. Telephone. Near golf, church, and telegraph.—Full particulars of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.

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BY DIRECTION OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF ONSLOW.

"CLANDON REGIS," CLANDON.

TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED, ON LEASE.

THIS WELL-BUILT RESIDENCE, occupying a delightful position, and containing:

"CLANDON REGIS."

lounge hall, 4 reception, 16 bedrooms, dressing room, bathroom, and ample domestic offices.

STABLING FOR 6. LODGE. COTTAGE.

SHOOTING OVER 1,550 TO 4,000 ACRES.

The gardens and grounds, which extend to about 40 acres, are artistically laid out; there are extensive lawns, rose garden, temple garden, tennis court, completely walled kitchen garden, and well-timbered parkland.

TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED, OR MIGHT BE LET, FURNISHED.

"TEMPLE COURT."

Occupying a charming position in Clandon Park, with free access thereto: lounge hall, 3 reception, 13 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms.

STABLING FOR 6. PRETTY GARDEN. SHOOTING BY ARRANGEMENT.

—Further particulars of Mr. W. H. MESSENGER, Town Hall Chambers, Guildford; Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Sq., W.

SURREY. 35 MINUTES FROM TOWN.

ON THE BORDER OF A HEATH, with delightful views over a wide range of country.—To be SOLD, the above attractive RESIDENCE, well fitted throughout with all modern conveniences: 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 13 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; excellent stabling and garage.

FINELY TIMBERED GROUNDS, IN ALL ABOUT 5 ACRES.

—KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W. (4,925)

SURREY. ABOUT ½ HOUR FROM LONDON.

TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED, OR SOLD.

THE ABOVE BEAUTIFULLY BUILT RESIDENCE, containing a large quantity of oak, and standing in finely timbered grounds and park sloping to the river. The accommodation comprises: 5 reception rooms, billiard room, 21 bed and dressing rooms, 4 bathrooms, etc.

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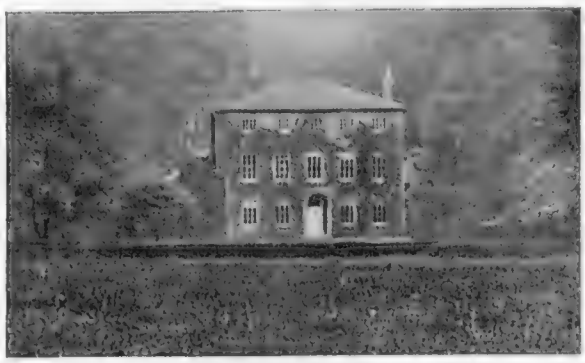
—Illustrated particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W. (2,062)



NEAR OXFORD.

BEAUTIFULLY TIMBERED GROUNDS, ETC., OF 11½ ACRES.

TO BE SOLD, Freehold, the above charming old RESIDENCE, approached from an entrance lodge by a pretty drive flanked by well-grown trees and shrubs. It contains: entrance hall, morning room or library, dining room, drawing room, smoking room, 11 bed and dressing rooms, etc.

STABLING FOR 3 HORSES, WITH COACH-HOUSE, ETC.

The pleasure grounds are richly timbered, and include large tennis and croquet lawns, rookery and meadow-land, etc.,

IN ALL ABOUT 11½ ACRES.

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SURREY.

ADJOINING SUNNINGDALE GOLF COURSE AND CHOBHAM COMMON. 2½ MILES FROM SUNNINGDALE STATION.

A WELL-BUILT RESIDENCE, in the Tudor style, enjoying extensive views of Frensham and Epsom Downs, and containing: 3 reception rooms, 15 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom.

FINE BALLROOM. STABLING FOR 6 HORSES.

BEAUTIFUL GARDENS AND GROUNDS.

Designed by Sir Joseph Hooker, O.M.; planted with magnificent specimen conifers and other trees and evergreens.

ENTRANCE LODGE. 6 COTTAGES.

Walled fruit and kitchen garden, 3 paddocks, and densely wooded grounds with winding paths, extending in all to about 53 ACRES.—Illustrated particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Sq., London, W. (5,124)

SOUTH HANTS.

With excellent yachting facilities, and within easy reach of the New Forest.

AN ATTRACTIVE FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL ESTATE OF ABOUT 240 ACRES, beautifully timbered, situated 250ft. above sea level. The planned Mansion, in the Elizabethan style of architecture, contains: billiard room, 4 reception rooms, 22 bed and dressing rooms, and ample domestic offices; gymnasium or riding school (60ft. by 30ft.), with gallery; stabling for 8 horses, 2 lodges, home farm, 6 cottages; the grounds are ornamented with fine specimen trees, and include plantation walks, fishpond, fernery and rock garden, ornamental water, etc.; extensive kitchen gardens; South Hants water supply; excellent sanitation.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W. (5,152)

Telephones: 1505 MAYFAIR. 3645 GERRARD.

MESSRS. WALTON & LEE,

10, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W.

Telegraphic Address: "WALTONS, LONDON."

CHILTERN HILLS (near AMERSHAM, 1¾ miles from station, 45 minutes from Town).—For SALE, the above picturesque well-built FAMILY RESIDENCE, 550ft. above sea, on gravel soil, with magnificent panoramic views of 40 miles range: 13 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, music room, billiard room, and offices. ELECTRIC LIGHT; MODERN DRAINAGE; COMPANY'S WATER; inexpensive but pretty grounds, 2 tennis lawns, kitchen garden, orchard, farmery, and park-like land; IN ALL 45 ACRES.—Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,516)

AN UNDOUBTED BARGAIN.

EAST ANGLIA, near the sea and golf links.

£8,500 **ONLY FOR AN ESTATE** of 446 ACRES and capital TUDOR RESIDENCE, containing: 14 BEDROOMS, bathroom (h. and c.), 3 good oak-beamed reception rooms, and offices; ornamental grounds, fruit and vegetable gardens, orchard, glasshouse; stabling for 7, farms, etc. For the area, GOOD SHOOTING can be obtained. 2 MILES FROM A TOWN AND STATION.—Particulars of WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount St., W. (24,128)

BRIGHTON AND LONDON (midway between).—PRICE £2,500, or Rent £140, for an old-fashioned COUNTRY HOUSE, well away from main road and motor dust, with stabling for 5, and well-timbered, secluded grounds, tennis and croquet lawns, kitchen garden, and paddocks, about 7 ACRES: 8 bed and dressing rooms, bath (h. and c.), 3 reception rooms, servants' hall, and offices; Company's water, modern drainage; within easy reach of 2 golf links; hunting with 2 packs.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount St., W. (25,527)

SUNNY SOUTH COAST.—LOVELY RESIDENTIAL ESTATE of nearly 250 ACRES. INTERESTING ELIZABETHAN MANSION of medium size, occupying a unique position in the midst of beautiful pleasure grounds and park; stabling, entrance lodge, home farm; salmon and trout fishing, hunting with Harriers and Otter hounds; good yacht anchorage; magnificent land and sea views. SACRIFICIAL PRICE.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,436)

HERTS (on the MIDDLESEX BORDERS, 300ft. above sea).—A REDUCED PRICE will be accepted for the above exceptionally choice FAMILY RESIDENCE with beautiful grounds. Near station, 30 minutes from Town. Carriage drive with entrance lodge, 11 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, magnificent billiard room, hall, and offices; stabling for 3; farmery, tennis and croquet lawns, kitchen garden, glasshouses, summer-house, and paddocks; in all 14 ACRES; gas; main drainage; Company's water. OR WOULD BE LET, UNFURNISHED, with 5 acres.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,591)

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MESSRS. WALTON and LEE publish two large illustrated REGISTERS, containing a selection of the best RESIDENTIAL ESTATES, Country Residences, Shootings, Hunting Boxes, Fishings, etc., for SALE or to be LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, in all parts of the United Kingdom. The best and most reliable published. On receipt of a memorandum indicating the class of property required, Messrs. WALTON and LEE will return a specially marked list, showing at a glance descriptions of those places answering the requirements of the applicant.—Offices, 10, Mount St., London, W.

HANTS AND SURREY BORDERS.—To be SOLD, the above charming COUNTRY HOUSE and 12 ACRES, within a mile of a town and station: 8 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, conservatory; stabling for 3, farmery, 2 cottages; water laid on; certified drainage; well-timbered pleasure grounds, and tennis lawns; kitchen garden, glasshouses, orchard, and meadowland.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (21,422)

40 MINUTES FROM THE CITY.

THE ABOVE CHARMING GEORGIAN RESIDENCE, with grounds and parklike lands of 13 ACRES. To be SOLD, at a reduced price, or LET, Furnished; in a delightful rural situation, 300ft. above sea; good views: 11 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, drawing and dining rooms, billiard room, magnificent lounge hall, ample offices; stabling for 5, man's rooms, farmery, and 3 cottages; well-timbered pleasure grounds, kitchen garden, meadow-land; Company's water; gas; 1½ miles from 2 stations.—Inspected by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,079)

SALMON AND TROUT FISHING.

IN A BEAUTIFUL PART OF SOUTH WALES.

A CHOICE LITTLE PROPERTY FOR SALE.—The RESIDENCE is in a good situation, amidst romantic scenery, and is equipped with every modern comfort and convenience for a moderate-sized family, together with ample servants' accommodation, outbuildings, etc.; the pleasure grounds are a beautiful and special feature of this delightful little Property, which extends in all to upwards of 40 acres, and includes a good stretch of water in a famous trout and salmon river.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (20,156)

TO YACHTSMEN AND OTHERS.—SOUTHAMPTON WATER.—Capital RESIDENCE to be SOLD or LET, Furnished, with grounds of 2½ acres and private approach to the beach; billiard room, large reception, 9 bed and 2 bathrooms; stabling; tennis and other lawns, glasshouses, and good kitchen garden; excellent anchorage opposite the house; near golf; 3 miles from Southampton.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (25,587)

HIGH ON THE SURREY HILLS.—4,000 guineas will PURCHASE the above exceptionally attractive OLD-FASHIONED COUNTRY HOUSE, replete with modern comforts, 400ft. above sea, well away from main road and motor dust. Magnificent ground of 4½ acres; stabling and motor-house; 10 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, magnificent billiard room, large hall, good reception rooms; winter garden; gas and water laid on, main drainage; easy reach of 3 golf links, 7 minutes from station.—Inspected by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount St., W. (23,315)

BETWEEN LONDON AND NEWMARKET

(about 1 hour by rail from the City).

7,000 **ACRES** of some of the best PARTRIDGE and PHEASANT SHOOTING in the country to be LET for the season. The estate includes some first-class coverts, affording facilities for rearing a heavy head af pheasants, whilst the partridge ground is undeniably some of the best obtainable. A large number of hares, besides woodcock, rabbits, duck, etc.—Full particulars of WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (17,758)

COTSWOLD HILLS (at the foot of).—To be SOLD or LET, FURNISHED, an

HISTORICAL OLD MANOR HOUSE

occupying a lovely situation in a first-class sporting and residential district of Gloucestershire, 1½ miles from main line station: 9 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.), oak-panelled reception rooms, lounge hall; modern sanitation; stabling for 7; beautifully timbered grounds and kitchen garden; cottages, and with or without 90 acres of additional land. Fishing and golf near.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,772)

BLACKMORE VALE, in one of the best situations, 400ft. above sea, with magnificent view.

£6,000 **WILL PURCHASE** an old-fashioned COUNTRY HOUSE and over 30 ACRES, with stabling, cottage, farmery; well-timbered but inexpensive grounds, kitchen garden and orchard: 12 BED AND DRESSING ROOMS, 4 reception rooms, servants' hall, and offices. Near small town and station. OR THE HOUSE AND 12½ ACRES would be sold for £4,000.—Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (25,380)

BEDFORD (8 miles from; in lovely district).—TO BE SOLD OR LET, UNFURNISHED, the above fine old ELIZABETHAN RESIDENCE in park-like grounds of 50 ACRES, approached by lime avenue; stabling for 11; cottages; beautifully timbered grounds sloping to river, with boathouse; kitchen garden, vineries, etc.; 19 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, suite of large and lofty reception rooms, full-sized billiard room, conservatory, and offices.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,294)

Telegrams: "Everything, London"

HARRODS (LTD.)

Telephone: Western 1 (60 lines).

ESTATE AGENTS — BROMPTON ROAD, S.W. — AUCTIONEERS

1,000 ACRES OF SHOOTING (can be rented).

NEW FOREST BORDERS.—COMMANDING LOVELY SEA VIEWS.—To be SOLD, the above charming OLD-FASHIONED HAMPSHIRE COTTAGE RESIDENCE, within 1½ miles of a station, only about 2 hours from London: 3 reception rooms, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; 5 loose boxes, motor garage, 2 good cottages for men. ELECTRIC LIGHT THROUGHOUT. Pretty gardens of about 2 ACRES, croquet and tennis lawn, rose pergola, kitchen garden, greenhouse.—Full details of the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

RENT ONLY £120 P.A.

COLCHESTER DISTRICT (within 1¼ miles from station, 6 miles from Colchester, and only about 1¼ hours by train from London).—The HOUSE contains: 2 large reception rooms, a smaller one and hall, 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; man's bedroom, with separate entrance; capital garden; good stabling for 4; capital outbuildings, including large paddock. The Property comprises an area of about

12 ACRES.

—Further particulars can be obtained from the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (Fo. 12,946)

BERKS (Abingdon).—A charming old HOUSE, with gables and oak beams, standing well above the river: entrance hall, 4 reception, 10 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; stabling for 3 horses.

PRETTY GARDEN OF 1 ACRE.

Rent, £70 per annum; 21 years' Lease; premium, £300.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

ONLY 45 MINUTES' MOTOR RUN OF WEST END.

SURREY (in an ideal position, nearly 400ft. above sea level).—To be SOLD or LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, the above

CHARMING HISTORICAL MANSION,

standing 'midst LOVELY WELL-TIMBERED GROUNDS AND PARKLIKE LANDS OF 180 ACRES: suite of reception rooms, 20 bedrooms, bathroom; ample stabling; 2 lodges; cottages; home farm.—Fullest details may be obtained from the Owner's Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

ONLY 12 MILES FROM LONDON.

SURREY (in a favourite part, most convenient for London, only 10 minutes from the station).—To be SOLD, or might be LET, Unfurnished, the above exceedingly attractive COUNTRY RESIDENCE, approached by a pretty carriage drive, with lodge entrance, and surrounded by

EXCEEDINGLY PRETTY WELL-TIMBERED GROUNDS OF 7 ACRES.

Old oak-panelled hall and staircase, large double drawing room, dining and morning rooms, billiard room, 16 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, servants' hall, etc.; good stabling, motor-house, gardener's cottage.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above

A DOWER HOUSE TO A WELL-KNOWN NOBLEMAN'S PARK.

UNDER 2 HOURS LONDON, G.W.R. main line service.—To be LET, Furnished, for the Summer months, or on a yearly tenancy, the above attractive RESIDENCE, overlooking LAKE of 130 acres, and some of the most FAMOUS grounds in England: 13 bed, bath, 4 reception rooms; stabling for 10; 4 acres beautiful gardens. Hunting Heythrop, BICESTER, and Warwick. Shooting by arrangement.—Agents, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 6,980)

SURREY (25 minutes City).—To be LET, Furnished or possibly Unfurnished, an old-fashioned RESIDENCE, historically connected with OLIVER CROMWELL: 7 bed, bath, 4 reception rooms; stabling; 2 acres garden. SECLUDED position.—Inspected and recommended by Agents, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.) as above. (F 7,247)

SUSSEX (close to Rye Golf Course).—To be LET, Furnished, for the summer months or longer, a well-built RESIDENCE, commanding grand sea and country views: 11 bed, 2 bath, 4 reception rooms; stabling, garage; attractive gardens.—Inspected and strongly recommended by the Agents, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 7,416)

HERTS (adjoining private 9-hole golf course, 30 minutes Town).—To be LET, Furnished, 6 months or less, an old-fashioned FARMHOUSE: 9 bed and dressing, bath, 3 reception rooms; stabling; 3 acres.—Agents, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 7,285)

TO BE SOLD AT A VERY LOW PRICE.—One of the best-known Hunting-boxes in the Pytchley Hunt, including the famous Hemploe fox coverts. The RESIDENCE is finely situated 600ft. above sea level, with extensive views, and stands in grounds, woodland, and meadows, in all about 88 acres. An adjoining farm of 266 acres can be included if desired. The accommodation comprises: entrance hall, 5 reception rooms, 12 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, and good offices; STABLING FOR 10 HORSES; delightful old-world gardens, kitchen garden, pasture-land, the well-known HEMPLOE FOX COVERTS, in all about 88 acres.—Box K, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

OCCUPYING A MAGNIFICENT POSITION, 800FT. ABOVE THE SEA.

TO BE SOLD, a well-built RESIDENCE, pleasantly placed in about 10 acres of grounds. It stands well away from the road, and the accommodation, arranged on two floors, comprises: lounge hall, 3 reception, 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, boxroom, etc.; Company's gas and water laid on; main drainage; stabling for 3, coach-house and men's rooms; delightful gardens and pleasure grounds.—Apply, Box K 5,205, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

13 MILES FROM HYDE PARK CORNER.—To be LET, Furnished, for 1 to 4 years, an attractive RESIDENCE, which occupies a delightful position, in a heavily timbered park, of 250 acres, containing some magnificent trees. The approach is along a beautiful old avenue, and the accommodation includes: entrance and lounge halls, 6 reception rooms, 27 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms; stabling for 10; 3 cottages and bothy; Company's gas and water; telephone; the lovely old grounds contain a variety of choice trees; there are tennis lawns, rose and flower gardens; golf 1½ miles distant.—Apply, Box KF 1,664, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

260FT. ABOVE THE SEA.

BETWEEN TUNBRIDGE WELLS AND EASTBOURNE, commanding extensive views of the Sussex Downs and the sea.—To be SOLD, an

OLD SUSSEX FARMHOUSE,

standing in nicely timbered grounds of over 8 ACRES. The accommodation includes: lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 13 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom (h. and c.); stabling for 2, coach-house, and men's rooms; picturesque old grounds, flower garden, lovely old lawn, tennis court, orchard, fruit and vegetable gardens.—Box K 5,015, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

NEAR THE SUSSEX BORDERS OF KENT.—To be SOLD, FREEHOLD. The RESIDENCE occupies a charming position, 330ft. above sea level, with pretty views. It stands in

WELL-SHADED OLD GROUNDS,

with undulating lawns, flower beds, 2 ornamental ponds, tennis and croquet lawns, etc., and contains the following accommodation: inner hall (17ft. 8in. by 14ft. 10in.), dining room (20ft. 4in. by 20ft.), drawing room (20ft. 2in. by 17ft. 4in.), morning room (15ft. by 14ft. 9in.), billiard room (36ft. 9in. by 19ft. 6in.), 6 large principal bedrooms, 2 dressing rooms, bathroom, workroom or bedroom, day and night nurseries, 2 servants' bedrooms, and box-room. The stabling comprises 2 stalls, 2 loose boxes, coach-house and garage, etc.; 3 cottages.—Box K 5,288, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis St., W.

SURREY (under 1 hour of town).—To be SOLD, a FREEHOLD FAMILY RESIDENCE, standing in well-timbered and pleasant grounds of about 8 acres. Over 700ft. above sea level, and affording fine views of typical Surrey scenery. Contains: 4 reception, 12 bed and dressing rooms, etc.; stabling for 4, with large coach-house and men's rooms.—Apply, Box K 5,154, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C

10 MILES OF LONDON.

460ft. above the sea, on gravel soil, with delightful views over well-wooded country.

TO BE LET, Unfurnished, or SOLD, a red-brick GEORGIAN RESIDENCE, covered with creepers, standing in very beautiful grounds. The accommodation comprises: lounge hall, billiard, 4 reception, 15 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, and usual domestic offices; stabling for 4; 2 cottages; beautifully wooded gardens of over 6 acres, tennis and croquet lawns and productive kitchen garden: near good golf.—Full particulars of Box K 5,229, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

½ AN HOUR FROM TOWN.
NEAR FAMOUS GOLF LINKS.

BUCKS (3 miles from a main line station).—To be SOLD, a delightful old HOUSE, in faultless order throughout, and standing in finely timbered grounds of about 5 acres. The accommodation comprises: pretty old-fashioned lounge hall, 3 reception rooms and second lounge or billiard room, 13 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, etc.; acetylene gas throughout; excellent stabling and garage, coachman's quarters, etc.; the pleasure grounds are ornamented by beautiful specimen trees and shrubs, and include 2 excellent tennis courts, croquet lawn, shrubberies, kitchen garden, etc.—Apply, Box K 5,199, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

FOR SALE, owing to owner's return to Australia, a pleasant, modern, well-appointed HOUSE, with river frontage; under 1 hour from Waterloo and within a few minutes' walk from a station: 3 reception rooms, conservatory, winter garden or billiard room, bathroom, 6 bedrooms, 2 staircases; tennis and croquet lawns, and grounds with greenhouse, vinery, fruit-house, etc., in all about 3½ acres, including a detached garden site of 1 acre. The contents could be purchased by valuation.—Apply, Box K 5,037, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

A DELIGHTFUL
RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY OF 70 ACRES
WITH A SUBSTANTIAL GEORGIAN MANSION.

HAMPSHIRE (within easy reach of a main line station, from whence London is reached in about 2 hours).

TO BE SOLD, OR LET, UNFURNISHED, ON LEASE.

A fine old HOUSE, perfectly secluded in magnificently timbered old grounds with many specimen trees. The accommodation comprises: 5 reception rooms, about 22 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; excellent stabling and outbuildings, lodge and cottages; the grounds are quite the feature, and the variety and beauty of the timber are exceptional; there are fine old lawns, Dutch garden, rose garden, walled kitchen garden with glasshouses, etc., and parkland, in all about 70 acres.—Apply, Box K 3,242, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

ONE OF THE FINEST SITUATIONS IN SOUTH DEVON.
FACING DIRECTLY OUT OF THE MOUTH OF THE DART.

TO BE SOLD, at a very moderate price, a substantially built RESIDENCE, delightfully situated high above the River Dart, with terraced grounds to the water. The surroundings are extremely beautiful and ornamented with a large variety of timber and ornamental shrubs. The accommodation comprises: large hall, 3 reception rooms, 13 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and good offices.

ELECTRIC LIGHT THROUGHOUT.
EXCELLENT STABLING. COACHMAN'S AND GARDENER'S COTTAGES.

The pleasure grounds are a feature, the beautiful hanging woods providing long winding walks; on the bank of the river is a picturesque boat-house. The whole Property extends to ABOUT 6 ACRES.—Apply, Box K 4,659, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

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TUDOR, ELIZABETHAN, AND OLD-FASHIONED PROPERTIES of interest for SALE or for LETTING, Furnished or Unfurnished. Owners and Applicants *can obtain expert and reliable information and advice.*

FIRST-RATE HUNTING WITH BLACKMORE VALE AND LORD PORTMAN'S.

DORSET (near Blandford). — PRICE £3,750 FREEHOLD, or would be LET FURNISHED, a charming HOUSE, with most

BEAUTIFUL OLD-WORLD GARDENS AND GROUNDS

of about 9 acres: 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, hall, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, good offices; stabling for 4.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.; and Yeovil. Personally inspected and recommended.

FOR SALE AT A SACRIFICIAL PRICE.

OR WOULD BE LET UNFURNISHED.

BUCKS (in a perfectly rural position, just over ½ hour from London, amidst beautiful country).

STANDING HIGH ON GRAVEL SOIL.

A charming old-fashioned HOUSE, splendidly fitted with all modern improvements; electric light, radiators, etc.: 14 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, billiard room; 2 cottages, stabling, garage;

BEAUTIFUL OLD GROUNDS OF 10 ACRES.

—Strongly recommended by the Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, W.

RESTORATION OF OLD-WORLD PLACES.—WILSON and GRAY prepare plans and specifications for the renovation and restoration of old Houses and Mansions at *moderate fees*. WILSON and GRAY have, by careful study and considerable *practical experience*, gained extensive knowledge in this special branch of their business, and if desired they will be pleased to arrange for clients to inspect either work completed or work now in hand. *Owners are respectfully invited to consult Wilson and Gray respecting contemplated improvements.*

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MESSRS. WILSON AND GRAY are instructed to negotiate for PROPERTIES answering the following descriptions, and

IN NO CASE WILL COMMISSION BE REQUIRED FROM OWNERS.

ENGLISH ESTATE WANTED, 2,000 to 5,000 acres or more.—Comfortable Mansion (20 to 30 bedrooms), or a good site where one could be built to be included. Farms must be well let.—Apply, with price, etc., Colonial, 100, Mount Street, W.

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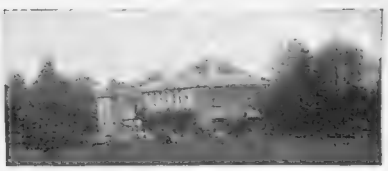
PRICE,	RENT,
£1,750 FREEHOLD.	£85 p.a. UNFURNISHED.

HERTS AND ESSEX BORDERS (¼ mile from a station, and 6 miles from Bishop's Stortford).

300FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

The House is approached by a carriage drive, and contains: hall, 2 reception rooms, with oak beams, walls, and ceilings, excellent office, 6 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; gas, modern drainage, good water supply; CHARMING OLD-WORLD GARDENS of about an acre; HUNTING with the Puckeridge and Essex Hounds.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

SOMERSET.



FINE POSITION ON THE MENDIPS.—RENT, UNFURNISHED, £150 PER ANNUM. Small premium. Land let off at £80 per annum. OR FOR SALE. A charming and picturesque HOUSE, with beautiful gardens and parklands of about 35 acres:

Entrance hall, billiard room, 4 reception rooms, 13 bedrooms, complete domestic offices;

ELECTRIC LIGHT.

The approach is by a long carriage drive with lodge; stabling, motor garage; 2 cottages. —Personally inspected and recommended by Sole Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.; and Yeovil.

Miss Gertrude Jekyll writes of the gardens at Coneyhurst as follows:—

"The garden, on ground sloping to the South, suggested treatment as a great rock garden, and, for the most part, was so laid out—a labour of love of many years' duration by the late owner. No care or expense was spared, and year by year were added more and more plants best suited to the site. From Alpine and other mountain plants on the upper ground, to those found at home in the moist, cool, wooded land at the foot of the hill; besides a host of good garden perennials and shrubs—all found places under the direction of the owner and the sympathetic care of her keenly interested and accomplished gardener; thus forming one of the most beautiful and interesting gardens of West Surrey."

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By Order of the Executors.

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THIS MOST CHARMING HOUSE was built under the supervision of Mr. Philip Webb some 30 years ago on a grandly timbered site.

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The House contains splendidly arranged accommodation, and is planned in Mr. Webb's best manner; there are 8 bedrooms, bathroom, fine lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, gallery, capital offices, etc. *The 4 acres of gardens and woods are absolutely perfect, the special features being one of*

THE FINEST ALPINE GARDENS IN ENGLAND,

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FLOWERS ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

There are prolific kitchen and fruit gardens, glasshouses, etc.; excellent stabling and cottage; main water; near golf course.

WILSON and GRAY are instructed to sell the above, by AUCTION, at the Mart, London, E.C., on February 14, 1912, at 2 p.m. (unless sold privately in the meantime).—Illustrated particulars and conditions of sale can be obtained from the Auctioneers, 100, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, London, W., or Messrs. NICHOLL, MANISTY and CO., Solicitors, 1, Howard Street, Strand, W.C.

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SHADY OLD-WORLD GARDENS

and meadow-land adjoining, in all 12 ACRES.

Bargain, 4,000 guineas.

—F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

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FOR SALE AT ABOUT HALF COST.

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HIGH UP, LIGHT SOIL, GLORIOUS VIEWS.

EXQUISITE PLEASURE GROUNDS OF ABOUT 4 ACRES.

Stabling, garage; main water, gas;

HUNTING, FISHING, BOATING, GOLF.

Freehold, £2,600.

—F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

KENT (near Sittingbourne).—A charming old SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY RESIDENCE: lounge hall, 3 reception, billiard, bath, 8 bedrooms; excellent stabling, garage, 2 quaint old cottages; beautiful pleasure grounds, pasture-land, and farmery, in all about 12 ACRES. Bargain, £2,750.—F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

A QUAINT OLD MANOR HOUSE, FULL OF OAK.

EAST GRINSTEAD (1 mile from station in a high rural situation, on gravel soil, grand views).—Lounge hall, 3 reception, bath, 8 bedrooms; stabling, cottage, farmery, beautiful grounds, and parklike paddocks of 14 ACRES; main water. Bargain, £3,000, or to Let Furnished at £200 per ann.—F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

REIGATE (near).—The above picturesque old-fashioned RESIDENCE for SALE, substantially built and in excellent order throughout. It contains: 9 good bed and dressing rooms, bath, and 4 large reception rooms.

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Heated throughout; all modern improvements; capital stabling for 5, with men's rooms and garage; cottage; charming grounds and pasture-land, 4 ACRES; hunting and golf. Price, £4,750.

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SUSSEX (near Horsham and Crawley).—6 bedrooms, bath, 3 reception rooms.

BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS

and pasture-land, 10 ACRES; stabling for 5.

HUNTING. GOLF.

Price, Freehold, £1,700. Would divide.

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ESSEX (5 miles inland from Walton and Frinton).—An IDEAL RESIDENCE, in perfect order: 3 good reception, bath, 5 bedrooms; stabling, motor garage; beautifully kept pleasure grounds, orchard, kitchen garden, and land adjoining, in all about

12 ACRES.

Bargain, 2,000 guineas (about half cost).

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ESSEX (near Colchester).—Pretty gabled RESIDENCE: pretty grounds, stabling, farmhouse, 5 cottages, and 65 ACRES (30 acres prolific orchards in full bearing). £3,500.

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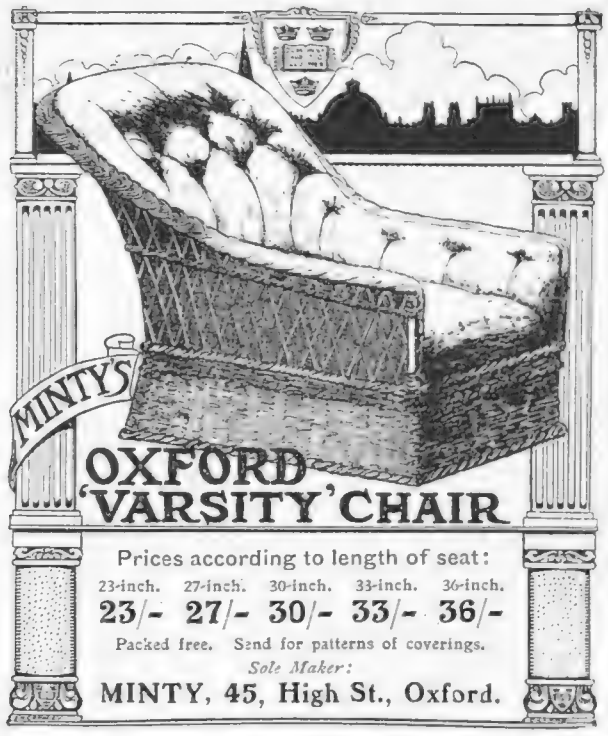
SUSSEX (near Horsham).—GEORGIAN MANSION: stabling, garage, 6 cottages, beautiful pleasure grounds and heavily timbered park of 150 ACRES. Price £6,000.



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Black 775. Brown 725. White 721.

Post free prices:—

4—5	5½—7	7½—10
4/3½	4/9½	5/3
10½—12	12½—1	1½—2
5/11	6/11	7/11

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PHAT PHEET

Fashion's Fancies.

By MRS. JACK MAY

EVENING DRESS MORE ECCENTRIC THAN EVER

AS regards evening dress, the great *couturières* have taken the bit between their teeth, and are racing away into undreamt-of extravagances. Under such auspices the corsage grows more and more *deshabillée*, and is a really appallingly primitive affair; strange effects recalling the earliest disposals of panther skins are wrought with coarse lace, thrown up on a sombre background of *mousseline de soie*, or some heavy-pailletted embroidery, these, oftentimes, merely held up over the shoulder by a fine string of beads or a *fil* of brilliants. Audacity is the keynote of evening confections, many, indeed, almost suggesting a fancy dress.

Another adjunct we shall have to reckon with is the "Bayadere" scarf, not only on evening dresses, but also with the more *habillée* visiting costume. But, as I have been pointing out for quite a long while now, we are well in the grip of the Egyptian craze, of which this "Bayadere" scarf is an essential feature, although, if I mistake not, the latter will find a serious rival in the "Cleopatra" girdle. Anyway, quite an appreciable number of advancing *modes* hail from the land of the Sphinx, and, given any sort of encouragement, there is no saying to what extravagances we may not attain in the direction, led by ardent Parisian spirits.

Photograph *Henri Manuel*

A DAINTY EVENING FROCK

Which recalls the reign of Louis Seize. It looks particularly charming in a changeant mousseline taffeta, the predominant note of colour a tender rose shade. The embroidery would probably be a mingling of chenille and silk, picked out with small silver beads and bugles, while the fichu would be chiefly of the finest Malines lace, as also the sleeve frills, the latter ornamented with bows of black velvet, carried through a strass buckle

The Eclecticism of Dress

And yet again we are carried away from the East with its suggestive draperies and barbaric effects to the dress adopted here between the early 'thirties and 'fifties. Could a greater contrast be desired? However, the latter period is by no means attacked in its entirety, just a detail selected here and there, as, for example, the sleeve *épaulette* cut in one with the shoulder, to which is attached a long, close-fitting sleeve, the quaint kerchief collar and shapely turned-back cuffs of snowy *mousseline de soie* or parchment-tinted embroidered lawn. And then, again, a bold dash is made at a revival of the *modes* adopted during the period of Louis Quinze and Seize.

A Dainty Frock

The *fichu* still in high favour frequently recalls the last-named reign as in the case of the dainty little frock pictured, suitable to quiet dinner or theatre wear. It would look particularly charming in a *changeant mousseline* taffeta, the predominant note of colour a tender rose shade. The embroidery would probably be a mingling of *chenille* and silk, picked out with small silver beads and bugles, while the *fichu* would be chiefly of the finest Malines lace, as also the sleeve frills, the latter ornamented with bows of

black velvet, carried through a strass buckle, each end of the *fichu* in front being held by a handsome trellis-work strass button. The tiny added basque occurs on several of the new models, and is fully in accord with the period obviously responsible for the whole inspiration.

Modes in Millinery

When toques cease to become toques and merge into hats is a growing mystification. On due consideration, I am disposed to grant the palm of preference at the moment to a toque, with an immense, indeed an amazing, crown of soft *pouf* silk. The brim fits closely round the face, and the structure is, as usual, poised well over one eye. There seems to be no doubt at all but that toques will be of monstrous height. Another model occurs built entirely of marabout feathers, set straight up like an Afghan chief's head-dress, from a wreath of little white ostrich marguerites. Hats, on the other hand, are rather inclined to have low crowns and raking brims, the latter usually manœuvred into some upward *mouvement*. A typical example is illustrated, this also showing a favoured form of decoration. The continuous sweep of ostrich feather round the summit of the brim is most effective, and occurs again and again on a number of similar models. Nor must there be forgotten the wondrous Henry VIII. "Beret," the crown of velvet or brocade, drawn into a tight-fitting band poised at a daring angle, and gloriously plumed. That is a very distinctive *mode*, although I observe a certain ominous leaping up in popularity, which almost inevitably spells a too speedy ubiquity, which is the death-knell of the best of fashions. However, as an early spring seduction we may safely indulge in the Henry VIII. "Beret," which allies itself with particular amiability to the smart tailor-made.

Photograph *Henri Manuel*

AN ATTRACTIVE HAT

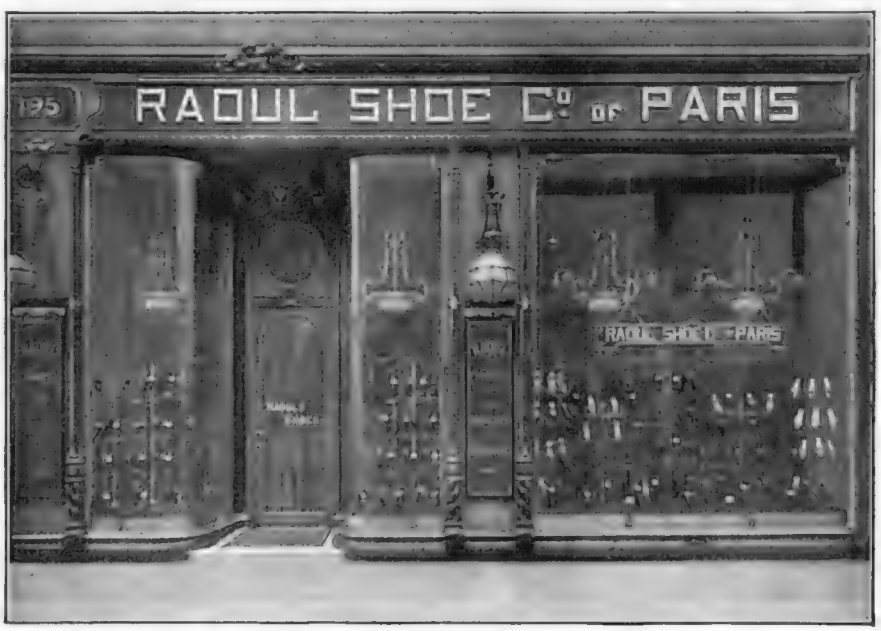
The continuous sweep of ostrich feathers round the summit of the brim is most effective

The Raoul Shoe Company, 195, Regent Street

From out of the plethora of sales at present obtaining that being held by the above-named Parisian shoe company stands out in notable prominence. Their handsome premises in Regent Street are well known, and it is there that the sale in question is now proceeding. Since the claims of fashion exact that a house of such prestige shall dispose of all models designed for the year, to make room for those of the following, the cost of the surplus stock is very much reduced. I need scarcely say that this is a unique opportunity for securing genuine Parisian footgear at bargain prices. On all their regular stock the Raoul Shoe Company allow a special rebate of 10 per cent., an offer calculated to tempt many who have already experienced the worth of these goods to lay in a stock for a year's wear. Only there must be no standing on the order of going, for the sale is only one of short duration.

Hamptons' Sale

Hamptons' January sale is one that should on no account be missed. Many of the goods are being cleared at *actual sacrifice*, and a 50 per cent. reduction is in no way out of the common during this extraordinary sale. I use the word "extraordinary" advisedly, for, mark you, Hamptons are world-famous for the high quality of their goods, and this enormous reduction gives some idea of the sacrifices they are prepared to make. The sale lasts until Saturday, January 27, and the remnant days are Saturdays, January 20 and 27. Hamptons have issued a fully illustrated catalogue in connection with the sale, and this will be sent post free on application to Messrs. Hamptons, Pall Mall, S.W.



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Modern Furniture

A friend who claims to be a "modernist," obsessed to horror against anything that suggests antiquity, recently furnished himself a house and invited me to see. "There isn't a stick that doesn't reflect the ultra-modern," he said, adding grandiloquently, "The furniture hasn't its match in the town." I gazed round—and profoundly hoped his last remark was true, for the pieces suggested the very worst specimens of the worst German *art nouveau*.

I eventually left meditating on the fantastic craze for extravagant ugliness that foists itself on the pathetically credulous as Modern Art. Being in the near vicinity of Tottenham Court Road, and determined to decide whether my friend was an isolated crank or stood for the latest ideas in furniture manufacture, I turned into the establishment of Messrs. Bartholomew and Fletcher, and asked to see their most modern productions.

A JACOBEAN DRESSER AT BARTHOLOMEW AND FLETCHER'S

I was allowed to stroll at will about their galleries, and in little time the evil flavour of my friend's "modernism" was dissipated under a study of the "modernism" of Messrs. Bartholomew and Fletcher.

Here was nothing grotesque. I moved in an atmosphere subdued, peaceful, homely, and marked by supreme good taste. And yet this furniture was entirely new and original, and in sufficient variety to suit all cultured tastes—so long as such taste made no insane sacrifice to simplicity and comfort.

True Artistry

Here the past had not been savagely denied; its artistic essence had been culled and incorporated, and expressed in effects entirely new and original. Here, indeed, was modernity, but conceived and executed by designers and workmen whose taste had been largely moulded by all that is beautiful in the work of the old masters. Whether in suites, chairs, tables, and odd pieces, the same charm in line, proportion, and harmony was to be realised. I came away convinced that there is, at least, one place in town where a man—whether he be in search of truly modern furniture or the genuine antique—will meet with all he needs to ensure beauty and comfort in his home—even at the most limited expenditure.

A Correction

In the January 3 issue, in my notice of Messrs. Clark and Co., Hallcroft Works, Retford, by a printer's error Belfast was put instead of Retford.

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I will send a **Test Horoscope** comprising seven pages and cover on receipt of 1/- P.O. and 1d. stamp for postage. Simply give date, month and year of birth—time if known. Money returned if Horoscope is untrue.

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,, 3	12in. x 16in.	80ft.	1in.	4in.	£2 11 0

GREENHOUSE	ft.in.	ft. in.	ft.in.	GARAGE	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft.in.
No. 1 Boiler,	11 0 x	11 0 x	8 0	No 1 Boiler,	20 0 x	20 0 x	10 0
,, 2 ,,	11 0 x	16 0 x	8 0	,, 2 ,,	25 0 x	25 0 x	10 0
,, 3 ,,	11 0 x	21 0 x	8 0	,, 3 ,,	28 0 x	28 0 x	10 0

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Your skin cleared of Eczema-Rash-Pimples

A PERFECT complexion is one entirely free from spot or blemish, but, unfortunately, many things have a bad effect on the skin, with the result that the appearance suffers. Wind, sun, the general health, impurity of the blood, and fifty other causes may render the skin unsightly and inflict annoyance on the sufferer. Not only are rashes, eruptions, pimples, and eczema disfiguring, but the irritation is frequently so intense that those so afflicted are driven nearly frantic. The teasing itching is a source of misery during the day, but is far worse at night, and renders restful sleep an impossibility for weeks, or even months.

Are you troubled in this way? Are you annoyed by eczema, a rash, a breaking-out, pimples, or blackheads? If so, don't despair of being freed from your skin complaint, even though you have been to a doctor, a specialist, or tried various so-called remedies unsuccessfully. Your case is by no means exceptional. Time after time have skin sufferers attempted by every other means to obtain a cure. Then, at last, when they were in despair, they tried Antexema, the irritation ceased, new skin began to replace that destroyed by their skin complaint, and now their complexion is quite clear and healthy.

G.S. writes: "The eruption on my chest was quite cleared away by Antexema. The first application stopped the incessant itching."

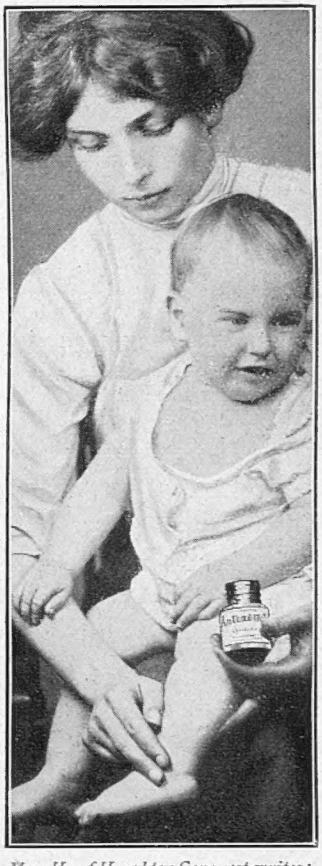
Antexema prevents Skin Suffering

Antexema should be used immediately signs of skin illness make themselves apparent. The first symptoms of skin ailments are always slight, so slight, in fact, that in many instances they are ignored, and it is this delay in treatment that makes it so easy for them to fasten upon the sufferer. The more promptly you begin using Antexema the more surely and quickly will a thorough cure be gained.

But supposing the skin illness has taken a severe form and you are worried, disfigured, and humiliated almost beyond endurance, what should then be done? Get Antexema immediately and commence its use forthwith. You cannot imagine how delightfully cooling and soothing you will find it. The relief is indescribable, and you will wonder why you did not use this marvellous remedy before. In addition, however, to the relief gained, the moment you start your treatment you stop the further progress of the skin illness, and before long it will finally disappear. Antexema always succeeds, for it is different from everything else, and possesses qualities absent from all other so-called remedies. It is not a greasy ointment which disfigures the user, but a creamy liquid which is absorbed immediately it is applied to the skin. It forms an invisible, antiseptic, artificial skin over the bad place. It keeps out dust, grit, and germs, and rapidly heals the trouble.

Antexema cures every form of skin illness of young and old, of infants and adults. Scaly, weeping, and dry eczema, bad legs, pimples, rashes, and eruptions of every kind, baby rashes, and all other diseased and irritated conditions of the skin are quickly cured by Antexema.

Give instant attention to signs of skin illness. You have only to apply Antexema for a day or two, when such symptoms first show themselves, for your skin to become healthy again. Neglect, however, is dangerous and means much future suffering.



Mrs. H., of Houghton Conquest, writes: "My baby was covered from head to toes with dry eczema and wasn't dressed for a week. I used Antexema and he now has a lovely clear skin."

Do your duty to your skin. Go to your chemist or stores and get a bottle of Antexema to-day. Boots Cash Chemists, Army and Navy, Civil Service Stores, Whiteley's, Selfridge's, Harrods', Parkes', Taylor's Drug Stores, and Lewis and Burrows supply Antexema at 1*s.* 1½*d.* and 2*s.* 9*d.* per bottle, or direct, post free in plain wrapper, for 1*s.* 3*d.* and 2*s.* 9*d.*, from the Antexema Company. Also everywhere in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, India, every British Dominion, and throughout Europe.

Accept this Free Trial Offer

To all who mention THE BYSTANDER, and enclose three penny stamps for interesting booklet, "Skin Troubles," a Free Trial of Antexema, and also of Antexema Soap, the famous skin soap, will be forwarded. Send at once to the Antexema Company, Castle Laboratory, Jeffreys Place, London, N.W., while this offer is still open to all readers.

A Simple Dinner Menu

Julienne Soup
Baked Cod with a Purée of Tomatoes
Beef Olives
Boiled Turkey with Chestnut Stuffing
Seakale. Mashed Potatoes
Apple Beignets
Anchovies à la Colmar

Baked Cod with a Purée of Tomatoes

Cut three or four slices of cod an inch thick, divide them, take off the skin, and remove the bones. Sprinkle the slices with lemon-juice, pepper, and salt, and place them in a well-buttered fireproof dish. Bake in a moderate oven from twenty-five to thirty minutes, turning the fillets once during that time, and moisten them with a little stock. Stew four large tomatoes; when soft rub them through a sieve, and mix with them the juice of half a lemon, a dust of salt and pepper, add the liquid that is in the dish in which the fish has been cooked. Stir well, make thoroughly hot, and pour over the fish. Filleted sole or plaice may be used instead of cod.

Beef Olives

About 1½lb. or 2lb. of rump steak, forcemeat, one pint of stock, one tablespoonful of sauce. Cut thin slices of steak, about five inches by three inches, flatten out each piece, and put on it a piece of forcemeat about the size of a pigeon's egg, roll up each neatly, and tie it with thread. If any of the forcemeat is left over, make it up into little balls. Melt 1oz. of butter in a stewpan, put in the olives, and fry a nice brown, also the forcemeat balls. Remove the olives when they have fried ten minutes, pour in one pint of stock, and stew the olives gently for two hours. Take them out, remove the thread from each, put them on a hot dish with the forcemeat balls, and put in the oven to keep hot. Thicken the gravy with some brown roux, add a little ketchup or Harvey's sauce, also a little cooking sherry, let it boil up, and pour over and round the olives. For the forcemeat: 2oz. of fine breadcrumbs, 1oz. of suet, one dessertspoonful chopped parsley, one small teaspoonful of mixed thyme, marjoram, lemon-peel, pepper, salt, and one egg.

Chestnut Stuffing for a Turkey

Roast and peel about three dozen chestnuts, and put them in a saucepan with some good veal gravy or white stock. Let them boil in this for about twenty minutes, then drain off the gravy, and when they are quite cold mince them fine. Take a tablespoonful of grated ham, two teaspoonfuls of white pepper, a piece of grated lemon-rind, a pinch of cayenne and four tablespoonfuls of bread-crumbs. Mix well altogether in a basin, adding the chestnuts, and moistening the whole with 2oz. of butter and the beaten yolks of two eggs.

Apple Beignets

Peel some even-sized cooking apples, and cut them into quarter of an inch slices. Stamp out the core portion of each with a cutter. Dip the slices in a rich but fairly stiff frying batter, and fry in hot fat to a golden colour. Take up, drain well, dredge with castor sugar mixed with a little ground cinnamon or vanilla. Serve hot.

Anchovies à la Colmar

Make some croûtons of fried bread, and put on each a fillet of anchovy, garnish each with sieved yolk of egg and the whites chopped very small, and a little anchovy cream.

EMILIA

The Editor's Box

The Solution of the Servant Problem

To those who wish not only to be absolutely up-to-date in modern household methods, but who at the same time wish to improve the hygiene and safeguard health in the home, we would recommend the British Vacuum Cleaner. The British Vacuum Cleaner does not move dust from place to place as with ordinary sweeping or dusting, but it literally consumes the dirt and dust in carpets, upholstery, curtains, hangings, etc., and removes it from the house. It completely destroys all germs, and institutes a state of hygiene not possible with any other system of cleaning. The models which will appeal most to the housewife are those which can be worked simply by attaching to an ordinary electric lamp-holder. Every inch of space upon walls, floors, or ceiling is within range of action of the British Vacuum Cleaner. But apart from the sanitary aspect of cleaning by the British Vacuum Cleaner, think what it means to be relieved not only of the hardship of endless sweeping, but also of the irksome, tedious, uncleanly task of dusting. The servant problem is robbed of all its terrors by this machine, which is so simple to use and yet so effective. The British Vacuum Cleaner is a New Year's present which will bring joy to every member of the household. Anyone can see this machine at work, and the almost magic way in which it sucks up dirt and dust, at the showrooms of the British Vacuum Cleaner Company, 171, Piccadilly, London, W.

A Boon to the Deaf

Who has not noticed at an evening party or festive gathering of any kind some member of the company who sits silently watching the proceedings without taking much part in them? Now and then someone leans forward and speaks into the ear of the silent one, whose gratitude for this little attention is at once apparent. It is a very sad sight, and makes one realise anew the misfortune of deafness. There have been many so-called aids for the deaf invented, but the majority of them, even if they do assist the hearing, are both unsightly and unsuitable for use in everyday life. These disadvantages have been entirely done away with in the latest invention—the Auriphone. This is a scientifically constructed instrument, perfected only after years of research and experiment. The Auriphone weighs but a few ounces, is very neat and inconspicuous, and enables the deaf to carry on conversation at home and to hear perfectly at church, theatre, or public gatherings of any sort. Readers who are interested are offered a free trial at home, or a free demonstration at the offices of Auriphones, Ltd., 1, Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, W., who will send full particulars on application.

To Men Only

There are many little inconveniences permitted to continue because they do not force themselves sufficiently upon our notice to compel us to attend to their removal; but it is the little things that count, and when we neglect to deal with them we simply forego a standard of comfort which we might otherwise enjoy, and which would in a greater or less measure help to preserve our equanimity of mind. One of these pettier troubles is the uncertainty of fit of men's socks, especially after they have been washed once or twice, when they fail to cling to the leg and are apt to fall in uncomfortable and unsightly wrinkles, besides disturbing the fit of the trouser leg. The Paris Garter is the very simplest and best means of remedying this trouble. As a matter of fact, nearly every well-dressed man of to-day wears sock suspenders of one kind or another, but not all of these are comfortable or satisfactory in wear. The great speciality of the Paris Garter is that the necessary metallic portion is so arranged that it cannot possibly touch the skin, a point which will be appreciated by those who know the unpleasantness of metal studs coming in contact with the naked skin. Moreover, the makers of the Paris Garter have studied its shape very carefully, so that it can cause no injury to the bones, muscles, or circulation if constantly worn. The Paris Garter is a luxury of the kind which becomes a necessity to one's personal comfort and well-being. Retailed at 1*s.* and 2*s.* 6*d.* per pair, and obtainable at all hosiers and outfitters, it is easily within everyone's reach.